ANTIOCH *the* REVIEW

FALL '58

Man and Animal: The City and the Hive
SUSANNE K. LANGER

Science Comes of Age
SAMUEL B. GOULD

FEPC in the States
JAMES RORTY

Criticism and the Novel
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Editor's Shop Talk

When we first got the idea for next spring's Darwin issue we thought, briefly, that we were being rather forethoughted and original. That honoring the centennial of *Origin of Species* is a good idea and of wide general interest is proved by the fact that it was far from original with us. This summer saw an international Darwin convention in London—beating the competition to the post by dating the *Origin* from 1858, when the first paper was read to the Royal Society, rather than 1859 when the book was published. The greatest American observance will be held this winter at the University of Chicago. Several books on Darwin and evolution have already been published and more are on the way, and magazines and newspapers—from the New York *Times* to *Life*—have paid their respects.

An odd sidelight on this race to honor Darwin is provided in this issue of the *Review*. Darwin is in the air this year and the first three articles in this issue each mention Darwin in a different context. Susanne K. Langer notes the effect evolutionary thinking has had on man's view of himself and his society. R. E. McGrew sees some of the same influence in the development of social science theory. And Samuel B. Gould finds Darwin a major factor in modern changes in science and science education. Even Ben Morreale's story may be interpreted by some as a Darwinian (or anti-Darwinian) parable —but we refuse to comment on that.

We are not worried about this apparent competition; we don't fret

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over the thought that Darwin may be "all used up" by the time we get to our special issue. The fact that he is so much with us in print right now is due to more than a centennial. The effects of the *Origin* are part of our lives and minds and their ramifications are too pervasive to be disposed of in any single article, book, special issue, or series of centenary conventions. There will always be much to be discussed and our issue will add its quota.

* * *

Of more immediate concern, however, is our next issue. This will be a special one on *The American Abroad*, in which the recent outflux of Americans to foreign parts will be discussed by a number of people in positions to evaluate it. The following are tentatively scheduled for the Winter issue:

Gerard Mangone has just completed a 50,000-mile trip around the world, interviewing Americans working abroad in connection with his duties as Associate Director of Education and Training of Americans for Overseas Service, Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University. He will report his observations on the effects of juxtaposing our manners, morals, and machinations to highly traditional cultures.

Paul Conroy of the United States Information Agency will discuss the unique methods he has developed for preparing appointees for foreign service—methods which, when reported recently in the *Reader's Digest*, were promptly attacked in the Soviet *New Times*.

Ithiel de Sola Pool of M.I.T.'s Center for International Studies will write on the attitudes of foreign travelers, based on his studies of foreign experience of businessmen, his research into personality types and attitude formation in foreign travel, and his study of expatriates.

Ruth Churchill has been studying the effects of foreign study on students in the Antioch Education Abroad program and will report on this and parallel research.

Finally, there will be a field report by John W. Herring on his experience as Director of an ICA and European Productivity Agency project in Sardinia designed to provide economic, health, and social aid for a decaying area.

In addition, Irwin Abrams, editor of this special issue, will provide an introduction, and the reviews, even the fiction, will tie in with the theme of *The American Abroad*.

Though not on this main topic, another article scheduled for the Winter issue is "Marxism Today" by Bertram D. Wolfe. The leading scholar of Marxism—both Soviet and other varieties—examines what the pressures and realities of history have done to Karl Marx's theories over the years and what their state of health is today.

* * *

Still further ahead is the issue mentioned above, *Origin of Species—100 Years Later*, scheduled for Spring, 1959; and *John Dewey in Perspective*, another special issue for Fall, 1959.

Man and Animal: The City and the Hive

By SUSANNE K. LANGER

■ Within the past five or six decades, the human scene has probably changed more radically than ever before in history. The outward changes in our own setting are already an old story: the disappearance of horse-drawn vehicles, riders, children walking to school, and the advent of the long, low, powerful Thing in their stead; the transformation of the mile-wide farm into a tic-tac-toe of lots, each sprouting a split-level dream home. These are the obvious changes, more apparent in the country than in the city. The great cities have grown greater, brighter, more mechanized, but their basic patterns seem less shaken by the new power and speed in which the long industrial revolution culminates.

The deepest change, however, is really a change in our picture of mankind; and that is most spectacular where mankind is teeming and concentrated—in the city. Our old picture of human life was a picture of local groups, each speaking its mother-tongue, observing some established religion, following its own customs. It might be a civilized community or a savage tribe, but it had its distinct traditions. And in it were subdivisions, usually families, with their more special local ties and human relations.

Today, natural tribes and isolated communities have all but

SUSANNE K. LANGER, professor of philosophy at Connecticut College, is well known as the author of *Philosophy in a New Key, Feeling and Form*, and *Problems of Art*. This paper, read at the Cooper Union in New York as part of the centenary celebration of the Great Hall, offers a sketch of philosophical work in progress under a research grant received by Connecticut College from the Edgar J. Kaufmann Foundation.

disappeared. The ease and speed of travel, the swift economic changes that send people in search of new kinds of work, the two wars that swept over all boundaries, have wiped out most of our traditions. The old family structure is tottering. Society tends to break up into new and smaller units—in fact, into its ultimate units, the human individuals that compose it.

This atomization of society is most obvious in a great cosmopolitan city. The city seems to be composed of millions of unrelated individuals, each scrambling for himself, yet each caught in the stream of all the others.

Discerning eyes saw this a hundred years ago, especially in industrial cities, where individuals from far or near came to do what other individuals from far or near had also come to do—each a cog in the new machine. Most of the cogs had no other relation to each other. And ever since this shakeup in society began, a new picture of society has been in the making—the picture of *human masses*, brought together by some outside force, some imposed function, into a super-personal unit; masses of people, each representing an atom of "manpower" in a new sort of organism, the industrial State.

The idea of the State as a higher organism—the State as a super-individual—is old. But our conception of such a State is new, because our industrial civilization, which begets our atomized society, is new. The old picture was not one of masses driven by some imposed economic power, or any other outside power. The super-individual was a rational being, directed by a mind within it. The guardians of the State, the rulers, were its mind. Plato described the State as "the man writ large." Hobbes, two thousand years later, called it "Leviathan," the great Creature. A city-state like ancient Athens or Sparta might be "a man writ large," but England was too big for that. It was the big fish in the big pond. The mind of Hobbes's fish was perhaps subhuman, but it was still single and sovereign in the organism.

Another couple of centuries later, Rudyard Kipling, faced with a democratic, industrialized civilization, called his allegory of England "The Mother Hive." Here, a common will, dictated by complicated instincts, replaced even Leviathan's mind; each individual was kept in line by the blind forces of the collective life.

The image of the hive has had a great success as an ideal of

collaborative social action. Every modern Utopia (except the completely wishful Shangri-La) reflects the beehive ideal. Even a statesman of highest caliber, Jan Smuts, has praised it as a pattern for industrial society.[1] Plato's personified State and Hobbes's sea monster impress us as fantasies, but the hive looks like more than a poetic figure; it seems really to buzz around us.

I think the concept of the State as a collective organism, composed of multitudes of little workers, guided by social forces that none of the little workers can fathom, and accomplishing some greater destiny, is supported by another factor than our mechanized industry; that other factor is a momentous event in our intellectual history: the spread of the theory of evolution.

First biologists, then psychologists, and finally sociologists and moralists have become newly aware than man belongs to the animal kingdom. The impact of the concept of evolution on scientific discovery has been immense, and it has not stopped at laboratory science; it has also produced some less sober and sound inspirations. The concept of continuous animal evolution has made most psychologists belittle the differences between man and his non-human relatives, and led some of them, indeed, to think of *homo sapiens* as just one kind of primate among others, like the others in all essential respects—differing from apes and monkeys not much more than they differ from species to species among themselves. Gradually the notion of the human animal became common currency, questioned only by some religious minds. This in turn has made it natural for social theorists with scientific leanings to model their concepts of human society on animal societies, the ant hill and the beehive.

Perhaps it were well, at this point, to say that I myself stand entirely in the scientific camp. I do not argue against any religious or even vitalistic doctrines; such things are not arguable. I speak not *for*, but *from*, a naturalist's point of view, and anyone who does not share it can make his own reservations in judging what I say.

Despite Man's zoölogical status, which I wholeheartedly accept, there is a deep gulf between the highest animal and the most primitive normal human being: a difference in mentality that is funda-

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[1] *Holism and Evolution* (N.Y.: Macmillan Co., 1926).

mental. It stems from the development of one new process in the human brain—a process that seems to be entirely peculiar to that brain: the use of *symbols for ideas*. By "symbols" I mean all kinds of signs that can be used and understood whether the things they refer to are there or not. The word "symbol" has, unfortunately, many different meanings for different people. Some people reserve it for mystic signs, like Rosicrucian symbols; some mean by it *significant images*, such as Keats' "Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance"; some use it quite the opposite way and speak of "mere symbols," meaning empty gestures, signs that have lost their meanings; and some, notably logicians, use the term for mathematical signs, marks that constitute a code, a brief, concise language. In their sense, ordinary words are symbols, too. Ordinary language is a symbolism.

When I say that the distinctive function of the human brain is the use of symbols, I mean any and all of these kinds. They are all different from signs that animals use. Animals interpret signs, too, but only as pointers to actual things and events: cues to action or expectation, threats and promises, landmarks and earmarks in the world. Human beings use such signs, too; but above all they use symbols—especially words—to think and talk about things that are neither present nor expected. The words convey *ideas*, that may or may not have counterparts in actuality. This power of thinking *about* things expresses itself in language, imagination, and speculation—the chief products of human mentality that animals do not share.

Language, the most versatile and indispensable of all symbolisms, has put its stamp on all our mental functions, so that I think they always differ from even their closest analogues in animal life. Language has invaded our feeling and dreaming and action, as well as our reasoning, which is really a product of it. The greatest change wrought by language is the increased scope of awareness in speech-gifted beings. An animal's awareness is always of things in its own place and life. In human awareness, the present, actual situation is often the least part. We have not only memories and expectations; we have *a past* in which we locate our memories, and *a future* that vastly over-reaches our own anticipations. Our past is a story, our future a piece of imagination. Likewise our ambient is a place in a

wider, symbolically conceived place, the universe. We live in *a world*.

This difference of mentality between man and animal seems to me to make a cleft between them almost as great as the division between animals and plants. There is continuity between the orders, but the division is real neverthelsss. Human life differs radically from animal life. By virtue of our incomparably wider awareness, our power of envisagement of things and events beyond any actual perception, we have acquired needs and aims that animals do not have; and even the most savage human society, having to meet those needs and implement those aims, is not really comparable to any animal society. The two may have some analogous functions, but the essential structure must be different, because man and beast live differently in every way.

Probably the profoundest difference between human and animal needs is made by one piece of human awareness, one fact that is not present to animals, because it is never learned in any direct experience: that is our foreknowledge of Death. The fact that we ourselves must die is not a simple and isolated fact. It is built on a wide survey of facts, that discloses the structure of history as a succession of overlapping brief lives, the patterns of youth and age, growth and decline; and above all that, it is built on the logical insight that *one's own life is a case in point*. Only a creature that can think symbolically *about* life can conceive of its own death. Our knowledge of death is part of our knowledge of life.

What, then, do we—all of us—know about life?

Every life that we know is generated from other life. Each living thing springs from some other living thing or things. Its birth is a process of new individuation, in a life-stream whose beginning we do not know.

Individuation is a word we do not often meet. We hear about individuality, sometimes spoken in praise, sometimes as an excuse for being slightly crazy. We hear and read about "the Individual," a being that is forever adjusting, like a problem child, to something called "Society." But how does individuality arise? What makes an individual? A fundamental, biological process of *individuation*, that marks the life of every stock, plant or animal. Life is a series of individuations, and these can be of various sorts, and reach various degrees.

Most people would agree, off-hand, that every creature lives its life and then dies. This might, indeed, be called a truism. But, like some other truisms, it is not true. The lowest forms of life, such as the amoeba, normally (that is, barring accidents) do not die. When they grow very large and might be expected to lay eggs, or in some other way raise a family, they do no such thing: they divide, and make two small ones ready to grow. Well now, where is the old one? It did not die. But it is gone. Its individuation was only an episode in the life of the stock, a phase, a transient form that changed again. Amoebae are individuated in space—they move and feed as independent, whole organisms—but in time they are not self-identical individuals. They do not generate young ones while they themselves grow old; they grow old and *become* young ones.

All the higher animals, however, are final individuations that end in death. They spring from a common stock, but they do not merge back into it. Each one is an end. Somewhere on its way toward death it usually produces a new life to succeed it, but its own story is finished by death.

That is our pattern, too. Each human individual is a culmination of an inestimably long line—its ancestry—and each is destined to die. The living stock is like a palm tree, a trunk composed of its own past leaves. Each leaf springs from the trunk, unfolds, grows, and dies off; its past is incorporated in the trunk, where new life has usually arisen from it. So there constantly are ends, but the stock lives on, and each leaf has that whole life behind it.

The momentous difference between us and our animal cousins is that they do not know they are going to die. Animals spend their lives avoiding death, until it gets them. They do not know it is going to. Neither do they know that they are part of a greater life, but pass on the torch without knowing. Their aim, then, is simply to keep going, to function, to escape trouble, to live from moment to moment in an endless Now.

Our power of symbolic conception has given us each a glimpse of himself as one final individuation from the great human stock. We do not know when or what the end will be, but we know that there will be one. We also envisage a past and future, a stretch of time so vastly longer than any creature's memory, and a world so much richer than any world of sense, that it makes our time in that

world seem infinitesimal. This is the price of the great gift of symbolism.

In the face of such uncomfortable prospects (probably conceived long before the dawn of any religious ideas), human beings have evolved aims different from any other creatures. Since we cannot have our fill of existence by going on and on, we want to have *as much life as possible* in our short span. If our individuation must be brief, we want to make it complete; so we are inspired to think, act, dream our desires, create things, express our ideas, and in all sorts of ways make up by concentration what we cannot have by length of days. We seek the greatest possible individuation, or development of personality. In doing this, we have set up a new demand, not for mere continuity of existence, but for *self-realization*. That is a uniquely human aim.

But obviously, the social structure could not arise on this principle alone. Vast numbers of individualists realizing themselves with a vengeance would not make up an ideal society. A small number might try it; there is a place, far away from here, called the Self-Realization Golden World Colony. But most of us have no golden world to colonize. You can only do that south of Los Angeles.

Seriously, however, an ideal is not disposed of by pointing out that it cannot be implemented under existing conditions. It may still be a true ideal; and if it is very important we may have to change the conditions, as we will have to for the ideal of world peace. If complete individuation were really the whole aim of human life, our society would be geared to it much more than it is. It is not the golden world that is wanting, but something else; the complete individualist is notoriously not the happy man, even if good fortune permits his antics.

The fact is that *the greatest possible individuation* is usually taken to mean, "as much as is possible without curtailing the rights of others." But that is not the real measure of how much is possible. The measure is provided in the individual himself, and is as fundamental as his knowledge of death. It is the other part of his insight into nature—his knowledge of life, of the great unbroken stream, the life of the stock from which his individuation stems.

One individual life, however rich, still looks infinitesimal: no matter how much self-realization is concentrated in it, it is a tiny

atom—and we don't like to be tiny atoms, not even hydrogen atoms. We need more than fullness of personal life to counter our terrible knowledge of all it implies. And we have more; we have our history, our commitments made for us before we were born, our relatedness to the rest of mankind. The counterpart of individuation from the great life of the stock is our rootedness in that life, our involvement with the whole human race, past and present.

Each person is not only a free, single end, like the green palm leaf that unfolds, grows in a curve of beauty, and dies in its season; he is like the whole palm leaf, the part inside the trunk, too. He is the culmination of his entire ancestry, and *represents* that whole human past. In his brief individuation he is an *expression* of all humanity. That is what makes each person's life sacred and all-important. A single ruined life is the bankruptcy of a long line. This is what I mean by the individual's involvement with all mankind.

All animals are unconsciously involved with their kind. Heredity governs not only their growth, color and form, but their actions, too. They carry their past about with them in everything they do. But they do not know it. They don't need to, because they never could lose it. Their involvement with the greater life of the race is implicit in their limited selfhood.

Our knowledge that life is finite and, in fact, precarious and brief, drives us on to greater individuation than animals attain. Our mental talents have largely freed us from that built-in behavior called instinct. The scope of our imagination gives each of us a separate world, and a separate consciousness, and threatens to break the instinctual ties of brotherhood that make all the herrings swim into one net, and all the geese turn their heads at the same moment. Yet we cannot afford to lose the feeling of involvement with our kind; for if we do, personal life shrinks up to nothingness.

The sense of involvement is our social sense. We have it by nature, originally just as animals do, and just as unconsciously. It is the direct feeling of needing our own kind, caring what happens. Social sense is an instinctive sense of being somehow one with all other people—a feeling that reflects the rootedness of our existence in a human past. Human society rests on this feeling. It is often said to rest on the need of collaboration, or on domination of the weak

by the strong, or some other circumstance, but I think such theories deal with its modes, and ignore its deeper structure; at the bottom of it is the feeling of involvement, or social sense. If we lose that, no coercion will hold us to our duties, because they do not feel like commitments; and no achievements will matter, because they are doomed to be snuffed out with the individual, without being laid to account in the continuity of life.

Great individual development, such as human beings are driven by their intellectual insights to seek, does of course always threaten to break the bonds of direct social involvement, that give animal life its happy unconscious continuity. When the strain gets hard, we have social turmoil, anarchy, irresponsibility, and in private lives the sense of loneliness and infinite smallness that lands some people in nihilism and cynicism, and leads others to existentialism or less intellectual cults.

It is then that social philosophers look upon animal societies as models for human society. There is no revolt, no strike, no competition, no anti-anything party, in a beehive. As Kipling, fifty years or more ago, represented his British Utopia that he called the Mother Hive, that ideal State had a completely cooperative economy, an army that went into action without a murmur, each man with the same impulse, the moment an enemy threatened to intrude, and a populace of such tribal solidarity that it would promptly run out any stranger that tried to become established in the State and disrupt its traditions. Any native individual that could not fit into the whole had to be liquidated; the loss was regrettable, but couldn't be helped, and would be made up.

Yet the beehive really has no possible bearing on human affairs; for it owes its harmonious existence to the fact that its members are *incompletely individuated*, even as animals go. None of them perform all of a creature's essential functions: feeding, food-getting, nest-building, mating, and procreating. The queen has to be fed and tended; she has only procreative functions. She doesn't even bring up her own children; they have nurses. The drones are born and reared only as her suitors, and when the romance is finished they are killed, like proper romantic heroes. The building, nursing, food-getting, and fighting are done by sterile females who cannot procreate; amazons who do all their own housework. So there is not

only division of labor, but division of organs, functional and physical incompleteness. This direct involvement of each bee with the whole lets the hive function with an organic rhythm that makes its members appear wonderfully socialized. But they are really not socialized at all, any more than the cells in our tissues are socialized; they are associated, by being un-individuated.

That is as far away from a human ideal as one can get. We need, above all, a world in which we can realize our capacities, develop and act as personalities. That means giving up our instinctive patterns of habit and prejudice, our herd-instincts. Yet we need the emotional security of the greater, continuous life—the awareness of our involvement with all mankind. How can we eat that cake, and have it, too?

The same mental talent that makes us need so much individuation, comes to the rescue of our social involvement: I mean the peculiarly human talent of holding ideas in the mind by means of symbols. Human life, even in the simplest forms we know, is shot through and through with *social symbols*. All fantastic beliefs in a Great Ancestor are symbolic of the original and permanent life of the stock from which every individual life stems. The Totem, the Hero, the Sacred Cow, these are the most elementary social symbols. With a maturer view of the world, and the development of religious ideas, the symbolic image of Man is usually taken up into the greater view of a divine world-order and a moral law. We are sons of Adam and daughters of Eve. If Adam and Eve were simply some human couple supposed to have lived in the Near East before it was so difficult, this would be an odd way of speaking; we don't ordinarily refer to our neighbor's children as Mr. Brown's boys and Mrs. Brown's girls. But Adam is Man, and Eve is Woman (the names even mean that): and among us transient little mites, every man is Man, every woman is Woman. That is the source of human dignity, the sense of which has to be upheld at all levels of social life.

Most people have some religious ritual that supports their knowledge of a greater life; but even in purely secular affairs we constantly express our faith in the continuity of human existence. Animals provide lairs or nests for their immediate offspring. Man builds for the future—often for nothing else; his earliest great buildings were not mansions, but monuments. And not only physical

edifices, but above all laws and institutions are intended for the future, and often justified by showing that they have a precedent, or are in accord with the past. They are conveniences of their day, but symbols of more than their day. They are symbols of Society, and of each individual's inalienable membership in Society.

What, then, is the measure of our possible individuation, without loss of social sense? It is the power of social symbolism. We can give up our actual, instinctual involvements with our kind just to the extent that we can replace them by symbolic ones. This is the prime function of social symbols, from a handshake, to the assembly of robed judges in a Supreme Court. In protocol and ritual, in the investment of authority, in sanctions and honors, lies our security against loss of involvement with mankind; in such bonds lies our freedom to be individuals.

It has been said that an animal society, like a beehive, is really an organism, and the separate bees its organic parts. I think this statement requires many reservations, but it contains some truth. The hive is an organic structure, a super-individual, something like an organism. A human city, however, is an *organization*. It is above all a symbolic structure, a mental reality. Its citizens are the whole and only individuals. They are not a "living mass," like a swarm of semi-individuated bees. The model of the hive has brought with it the concept of human masses, to be cared for in times of peace, deployed in times of war, educated for use or sacrificed for the higher good of their state. In the specious analogy of animal and human society, the hive and the city, lies, I think, the basic philosophical fallacy of all totalitarian theory, even the most sincere and idealistic—even the thoroughly noble political thought of Plato.

We are like leaves of the palm tree, each deeply embedded in the tree, a part of the trunk, each opening to the light in a final, separate life. Our world is a human world, organized to implement our highest individuation. There may be ten thousand of us working in one factory. There are several millions of us living in a city like New York. But we are not the Masses: we are the Public.

Antonio Machado

By JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

■ Even as a child, Antonio Machado sought death, the dead, and decay in every recess of his soul and body. He always held within himself as much of death as of life, halves fused together by ingenuous artistry. When I met him early in the morning, I had the impression that he had just arisen from the grave. He smelled from far away of metamorphosis. A pit of worms did not disturb him, he was so familiar with it. I think he felt more repelled by smooth flesh than by bony carrion, and butterflies in the open air seemed to him almost as enchantingly sensual as houseflies or flies of the tomb and train,

inescapable gluttons.

A poet of death, Antonio Machado spent hour after hour meditating upon, perceiving, and preparing for death; I have never known anyone else who so balanced these levels, equal in height or depth, as he did, and who by his living-dying overcame the gap between these existences, paradoxically opposed yet the only ones known to us; existences strongly united even though other men persist in separating, contrasting, and pitting them against each other. All our life is usually given over to fearing death and keeping it away from us, or rather, keeping ourselves away from it.

This reminiscence of the Spanish poet Antonio Machado may possibly have been the last work in prose by JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ before his death last May. It is to appear as an introduction to *Eighty Poems of Antonio Machado* which Las Américas is publishing this fall in the translation of Willis Barnstone. When Jiménez received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1956, the Secretary General of the Swedish Academy announced: "In granting this award to Jiménez, representative of the great lyrical tradition of Spain, the Swedish Academy has wished to crown equally Antonio Machado and García Lorca."

Antonio Machado apprehended it in itself, yielded to it in large measure. Possibly, more than a man who was born, he was a man reborn. One proof of this, perhaps, is the mature philosophy of his youth. And possessing the secret of resurrection, he was reborn each day before those of us who saw him then, by natural poetic miracle, in order to look into his other life, that life of ours which he reserved in part also for himself. At times he passed the night in the city, in a lodginghouse or family boardinghouse. To sleep, after all, is to die, and at night we all lie down for our share of dying. He never cared to be recognized, and so he always walked enshrouded when he journeyed through the outskirts of towns, along passageways, alleys, lanes, and stairways; and at times, he may have been delayed by a stormy sea, the mirrors in a railroad station, or abandoned lighthouses, those standing tombs.

Seen by us, in our half-false light, he was corpulent, a naturally earthy hulk, like a big stump just dug out of the ground; he dressed his oversized body in loose-fitting black, ocher, or brown clothes in keeping with his extravagant manner of living death; a new jacket perhaps, hurriedly bought in the outdoor market, baggy trousers, and a completely frayed all-season overcoat, giving him a deceptive outer appearance; he wore a hat with a sagging threadbare brim, of no particular period, since death-life levels styles and periods. In place of cuff links he wore little larva-like cords on the cuffs of his huge shirt, and at the waist, for a belt, a cord of esparto, as would a hermit of his kind. Buttons? What for? His were the logical practices of a tree trunk with roots already in the cemetery.

When his only love died in Soria de Arriba, she who so well understood his transcendental role as a border dove, he had his idyl on his side of the boundary of death. From then on, he was master of all reason and circumstances; outwardly a widower, he set up his bridegroom house in the grave, a secret dovecot; and then he came to the world of our provinces only for the sake of something urgent: a publisher, the press, the bookseller, a necessary signature . . . the war, the terrible Spanish war of three centuries. *Then* he completely abandoned his death and his most intimate dead, and remained an eternal season in everyday life, in order to die again, like the best of the others, to die better than the others, than we who are more attached to the side of existence that we

have accepted as life. And no final death could possibly have been more appropriate to his strange, earthly, Spanish life; so much the more now that Antonio Machado, alive forever in an invisible presence, will never again be reborn in his own spirit and body. When bodily death came, he died humbly, miserably, collectively, the lead animal of a persecuted human flock, driven out of Spain—where he as Antonio Machado had had everything, his dovecots, his sheepfolds of love—through the back gate. In this condition he crossed the high mountains of the frozen frontier, because such was the way his best friends, the poorest and most worthy, made the crossing. And if he still lies under the ground with those buried there away from his love, it is for the comfort of being with them, for I am certain that he who knew the rough uneven path of death has been able to return to Spain through the sky below the ground.

All this night of high moon—moon that comes from Spain and brings to Spain, with its mountains and its Antonio Machado reflected in its melancholy mirror, moon of sad diamond, blue and green, in the palm tree of violet grassy plush by my little door of the true exile—I have heard in the depths of my waking-sleeping the ballad *Night Rainbow*, one of Antonio Machado's most profound poems and one of the most beautiful that I have ever read:

> And you, Lord, through whom
> we all see and who sees our souls,
> tell us whether one day
> we are all to look upon your face.

In the eternity of that evil war of Spain's, which joined her in a monstrous and terrible way with the other eternity, Antonio Machado, with Miguel de Unamuno and Federico García Lorca, all three so alive in death—each in his own way—have gone, in a different, lamentable, and yet beautiful manner, to look upon the face of God. Great it would be to see how God's face, a foremost sun or moon, looks upon the faces of the three who have fallen, more fortunate perhaps than we others, and how they are seeing the face of God.

Translated by Willis Barnstone and Norman Thomas di Giovanni

Night Rainbow

By ANTONIO MACHADO

Toward Madrid in the night,
the train winds through the Guadarrama.
In the sky the rainbow,
made by moon and water.
O peaceful April moon
driving the white clouds!

A mother holds a child
asleep on her lap.
The boy sleeps, and still
he sees the green fields passing,
the little sunlit trees
and gilded butterflies.

The mother, dark frown
between tomorrow and the past,
sees some dying coals
and a kitchen stove on spider legs.

There is a tragic passenger
who must see strange things;
he speaks a monologue and, when he looks,
erases us with a glance.

I think of snow-laden fields
and pines of other mountains.

And you, Lord, through whom
we all see and who sees our souls,
tell us whether one day
we are all to look upon your face.

Translated by Willis Barnstone

History and the Social Sciences

By R. E. McGREW

■ During the four decades which have passed since Max Weber published his *Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft* the social sciences have reached maturity. Both government and industry, increasingly concerned with social developments, have looked to social scientists for specialized information, while modern organized philanthropy has sheltered and subsidized social science research, providing an unprecedented reservoir of funds. The social sciences have responded to the combined stimuli of responsibility and cash by expanding their areas of interest and by developing new methods and techniques. Today the social scientist can point with understandable pride to the "success of the social sciences in devising procedures of convincing reliability" which "have led to their marriage with policy to an extent which would have been conceived in principle only in Weber's time."[1]

Such progress can never be entirely smooth, and as they have grown in influence, the social sciences have been sharply criticized. This has been in part self-criticism, for scholars in the disciplines concerned have been steadily re-evaluating their methods and assumptions. Outside the social sciences, however, the bitterest criticism has come from the humanities. Humanists have attacked the social scientist for applying scientific methods to data which cannot be investigated scientifically, for contributing to a "mass consciousness" by using quantitative techniques, and for creating a pseudo-

[1]Edward A. Shils, Foreword to Max Weber, *On the Methodology of the Social Sciences*, (Glencoe, Illinois, 1949), vi.

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science with its own peculiar jargon which either obscures the obvious or belabors the unimportant. Bennett M. Berger has suggested that these attacks imply a deep resentment, cultural in origin, which reflects an ideology rooted in the Western individualist tradition.[2] Mr. Berger's point is well taken. The social sciences do not speak the traditional language nor do they follow traditional techniques. Even so, the social sciences and the humanities share the common goal of broadening human understanding. This common ground has been obscured and should be rediscovered.

The historian has occupied a middle position in this dispute, for history holds a place of honor in both the social sciences and the humanities, and the historian's methods combine both "science" and "humanism." Indeed, the evolution of the modern social sciences shows a considerable debt to history. Montesquieu, to choose one example, provided one of the earliest sociological interpretations of the law, and some of his ideas anticipated Weber. At the same time, Montesquieu set his analysis within a definite, if somewhat confused, theory of historical causation, and his use of historical context led Friedrich Meinecke to call him one of the founders of historicism. Baron Heinrich Storch, a member of the Imperial Russian Academy of Science, and one of Russia's earliest social scientists, married scientific method with historical patterns to provide a broader application for Adam Smith's theories. The best known example, of course, is Karl Marx who welded scientific analysis with history to provide an approach to social problems whose influence has been both pervasive and lasting.

The organic connection between history and social science broke with Weber who insisted on clear methodological distinctions among the disciplines, and these distinctions have since been generally observed. Even modern social scientists, however, have found history necessary. David Riesman's *Lonely Crowd* has a basic historical structure, and the relationship between "inner" and "outer" directed men is historically oriented. Erich Fromm utilized Freudian theses on a social plane, but exploited history for his contextual and developmental framework, while Herman Finer joined historical methods with comparative analysis in his *Theory and Practice of*

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[2]Bennett M. Berger, "Intellectuals and Sociologists," *Antioch Review*, Fall, 1957.

Modern Government. More recently, in his essays on *The Democratic and the Authoritarian State*, Franz Neumann emphasized history's essential role in the social scientist's work.

None of this proves that one discipline is "higher," more "fundamental," or more scientific than another, but it does show that history and the social sciences have fertilized one another, and that the historian, as both scientist and humanist, has something of value to add when the status and role of the social sciences are discussed. Charles Beard once wrote that all the social disciplines are ultimately concerned with history, or history-in-actuality, since all deal with human actions within a framework conditioned by men and with the vision of men's hopes lighting the future. This comment could properly be taken as the text to guide our consideration of the problems and challenges which the modern social sciences pose.

II

Science as the touchstone for social analysis came of age at the mid-point in the nineteenth century. Scientific method became an intellectual philosopher's stone, and Turgenev's Bazarev spoke for his generation when he declaimed that the only truth was scientific truth, and that the chemist was more significant than the poet. Auguste Comte published his *Cours de philosophie positive* in the period 1830-1842, Marx's *Das Kapital* appeared in the 1860's, while Charles Darwin's biological theories inspired new efforts to give ethical norms empirical content. The burgeoning cult of the scientist produced an ideology which F. A. von Hayek has termed "scientism," a belief in the magic powers of "scientific method" to open the road to truth, and a faith which, in the social sciences, created methodological chaos.[3]

The social sciences did not enter the methodological revolution entirely unequipped. Both empiricism and the logical classification of data had a tradition stretching back to Aristotle, and the first modern scientific revolution boasted Machiavelli as well as Galileo. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries scientific empiricism made great strides, and Ernst Cassirer has suggested that the in-

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[3]F. A. von Hayek, "Scientism and the Study of Society," *Economica*, N.S., IG, 267-291; X, 34-63; XI, 27-39. 1942, 1943, 1944.

creased sophistication of scientific, and particularly mathematical, thinking was a primary contribution of the Enlightenment.

In the closed and mechanistic universe of the *philosophes*, there was no sharp distinction between natural and human science, but in political economy the seeds of a distinctive science of society were being sown. The political economists emphasized system and empiricism, and their "economic" theories were based on specific data and utilized statistical as well as historical techniques. Political economy was still regarded as a moral science, but the effort to provide empirical content for normative statements showed the direction in which the political economists were moving.

Since political economy was a moral science, the embryonic scientific tradition showed a humanistic strain, joining with what C. J. H. Hayes has called the tradition of ecumenical liberalism. During the French Revolution, the facts of class exploitation and class struggle—implicit in the writings of political philosophers for centuries—were shouted out by a few intransigents, and the inestimable Babeuf went to the guillotine proclaiming the class war. Moral anger joined social analysis to initiate a reform movement which soon numbered Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Robert Owens in its ranks. This movement sought to reform society and thus effect man's regeneration. Its assumptions were pseudo-scientific—proto-scientific would be better—and it backed moral issues by factual analysis of the real world.

Karl Marx fully united science and morality. He insisted that society, past and present, functioned according to rational laws which could be proved scientifically. But Marx illumined his theses with flaming indignation, and his wrathful indictment of man's exploiting man lifted turgid scientism almost into eloquence. Even so, Marx undoubtedly owed his immediate appeal to the scientific cult. This was certainly true of his leading Russian disciples, the former populist, Plekhanov, and the young Lenin, who found both a method and a plan in Marxism.

Marx is supposed to have denied the Marxists, and as the nineteenth century drew to a close, sober scientists began to question scientism. So much had been claimed for scientific method, so much that was patently unscientific, or non-scientific, was masquerading under the magic label, that it was imperative to rescue scientific

integrity by rigorous redefinition and analysis. The very faith which gave Marxism and Social Darwinism their immense appeal was challenged. The issue was the nature of social science research itself, its methods and the results which it could legitimately expect. Max Weber gave this problem its final formulation, and with his work the social sciences achieved their modern form.

Weber's essential contribution to methodology was one of classification and definition. He insisted that the scholar first determine what could be known and what questions could legitimately be asked of his data, and, unlike his predecessors, he sharply distinguished ethical and empirical content. Weber classified knowledge as either "existential" or "normative," i.e., "knowledge of what is" and "knowledge of what should be," and he rejected both rigid formulations of natural law and teleological evolutionary principles as concepts which made the "is" and the "ought" one and the same thing. To be valid as sciences, Weber contended, the social sciences must be "ethically neutral" and only pursue the task of reducing a problem to its most rational and internally consistent form.[4]

The logical outgrowth of Weber's approach was disciplinary compartmentalization. Assumptions and method must vary depending on the natural limits imposed by the phenomena studied and the end which the investigator is seeking. Historical method cannot serve sociology and *vice-versa*, since each discipline has its own internal logic which depends on the type of data and the questions asked of that data. Weber obviously did not intend this to mean that any one discipline would have universal applicability, for that would have been the ultimate contradiction, nor did he mean that each discipline should be internally self-sufficient and avoid communication with other disciplines. He did insist, however, that the method fit the data, and that conclusions only be drawn within that imposed framework.

Weber did not kill scientism, but he forced it into new channels. The method which he described implied two interrelated processes, the collection and the systematization of data.[5] These processes agree

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[4]See Max Weber, *On the Methodology of the Social Sciences*, 19; 24-25 ff; 51.
[5]The quantitative aspect in this double process has raised the problem of using quantitative methods where they do not apply, and the further issue of studying problems only because they can be analyzed quantitatively. See: von

superficially with those used in the physical sciences, but as von Hayek has shown, there are marked differences. In the physical sciences, the observation of external nature does not involve the observer's thoughts and reactions as links in the chain of observed events and the classification of data can proceed according to the properties of the observed objects. In the analysis of society, however, the properties perceived include both the properties of the objects themselves and the observer's reaction to those properties. As a result, the systems devised from these observations become abstract realities based on objective reality and take their particular form from the mind or minds which created them.

The danger here arises as the "construct" or "system" comes to be regarded as reality, for this tends to divorce the system, now a thing-in-itself, from the objects that it describes. In another connection, Sir Ernest Barker characterized organic theory as a myth which becomes subjective reality, and he warned against "conjuring with metaphor," for to do so in political thinking creates a new and uncontrollable reality. The same caution should be extended to the social scientists. The study of society is the study of individual human beings and their relationships with one another. Society is an agglomeration of individuals, and though we may speak of it in anthropomorphic terms, we should remember that we then are dealing in metaphor. The "construct" should exist only to give form to human action and responses, yet it is the construct which tends to become a reality, and the data which completes it is significant only as a part of the construct.

This problem is especially clear to the historian and has affected his work directly. Since the last quarter of the nineteenth century, there has been a growing tendency to deal with historical causation in sociological and economic terms. Great "forces" and impersonalized ideas submerge the individual, and historic personalities are

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Hayek, *op. cit.*, X, 36-38 and Morris Cohen, *Reason and Nature*, (New York, 1931), 305. Social scientists have deplored the over-emphasis on quantitative technique and empiricism at the expense of theory. See: Joseph Mayer, *Social Science Principles in the Light of Scientific Method*, (Durham, N.C., 1941); Talcott Parson, *The Social System*, (Glencoe, Ill., 1951); Edward Shils, *op. cit.*, vi-vii.

treated only as they are carried along by history's creative stream, while the historian is drawn inexorably from his proper focus, the men who made and participated in events. The decline, until recently, of biography as a legitimate field for the historian reflects this unhappy tendency, and it has only been in the last few years that the role of the individual in history has again begun to emerge as the center of historical research.

One other point should be made here. To the neophyte, uninitiated into the ritualistic vocabulary of the social sciences, "sociology" might well rank with the more esoteric oriental languages. The development of such a specialized vocabulary reflects the nature of the subject matter. Neither the vernacular nor the literary language suffice. New categories of knowledge have been created which demand a new or drastically revised vocabulary and syntax. This in itself indicates the extent to which the social sciences have created a reality of their own. Specialized vocabulary may be expected in the physical sciences, for the classification of things and the relationships among them are peculiar to that special world. But the social sciences deal with men and men's actions. The new vocabulary in part represents another level of reality which is a projection rather than a reflection of humanity.[6]

In the past forty years the social sciences have come far in developing methods and techniques, but that development in turn has raised issues at least as important as those which Weber and his associates attacked. As the social scientist has sought impersonality and objectivity, he has dehumanized his data, and his constructs have become a reality removed from the material with which he began. The social scientist is clearly not involved in an unholy conspiracy to destroy the individual, but his methods have created a barrier between his conclusions and the human data from which those conclusions grow. This may not destroy human integrity, but it most assuredly hurts the pursuit of truth. At this point we

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[6]I do not subscribe to the thesis that this specialized vocabulary is either a mask for incompetence or a great hoax. On the contrary, it represents a basic, and, I suspect, necessary element in social science methodology. The point is that the construct which is artificial comes to be dealt with as though it were reality. The process is short-circuited, the formulation is not drawn back to human reality, and the specialized vocabulary tends to reinforce that tendency.

should recall Weber's description of the material and purposes of the social sciences: "Every science of psychological and social phenomena is a science of *human* conduct. . . . These sciences seek to 'understand' this conduct and by means of this understanding to 'explain' it 'interpretatively.' " Leaving entirely aside the emotion-laden attacks on the social sciences, there are tendencies within those sciences which obscure their real purpose. In the following section, speaking from the vantage point of the historian, we will note some specific contributions which may aid the situation.

III

To analyze human experience assumes either a rational pattern in experience itself or that experience may be made meaningful by establishing artificial categories as a guide to understanding. In practice these assumptions tend to mix, but they are not equal and should not be regarded as equal. Traditionally, the first assumption has underlaid the study of history. Thucydides tells us that he wrote the history of the Peloponnesian war because studying that great event would benefit future generations. The Greek historian saw human nature as a constant and held that while external circumstances change, human motives and reactions, and, therefore, the pattern of human events, follow a common course. Machiavelli offered a similar thesis and rooted his Florentine history in fundamental human characteristics which remained constant and were, therefore, predictable. From the early Christian historical tradition, which found both order and the burden of decision in a God-created and God-directed universe, through the eighteenth century and the limited and rational order of the *philosophes*, to the teleological historicists of nineteenth century romanticism, historical writing has reflected Hegel's dictum that *a priori* truth can only be known *a posteriori*, and that the description of past experiences will carry both existential and philosophical meaning.

The second assumption differs from the first in that the *a priori* becomes an explicit part of the method itself. Data are not significant in themselves, but rather achieve significance as they are organized into a system. The assumption of order is there, but it is made explicit in the process of categorizing material and creating systems. As the first assumption has traditionally been that of history, so the

second has been a leading characteristic of the new social sciences. Weber emphasized this characteristic when he wrote:

> The history of the social sciences is and remains a continuous process, passing from *the attempt to order reality analytically through the construction of concepts*—the dissolution of the analytical constructs so constructed through expansion and shift of the scientific horizon—*and the reformulation anew of concepts on the formulations thus transformed.*[7]

Granting, indeed affirming, that this process is valid and necessary, a fundamental problem remains. The social sciences deal with the totality of human experience and must be concerned with motive and consequences as well as with the act itself. The social sciences cannot be simply descriptive, empirical, or existential. Scientific truth requires stating accurately phenomenal conditions and relationships. In the social sciences this means dealing with both description and significance. Social scientists have dealt with the first ably and enthusiastically. With a few notable exceptions, however, they have failed in regard to the second. Mr. Berger suggested that the *literati* want big problems discussed in a general context where there is room for perpetual debate, and he remarked dryly that nothing stops discussion faster than a fact. But a fact is not an end in itself, and, rather than stopping discussion, it should forward it. The debate is not really between facts and philosophy. The real issue is the way facts are handled and the use to which they are put.

We may return at this point to the approaches to the study of society. We have noted that these approaches should be distinguished. Now we may bring them together again. Artificial constructs are admirably suited to arranging descriptive data, i.e., data which tells us about something, but which makes no overt evaluative statements. To make evaluative statements, or statements of significance, there must be criteria for judgment together with a context within which to establish relationships. The cumulative historical record provides both criteria and context.

Human history is a vast and ever-shifting kaleidoscope of actions and reactions, as various in its tones and shades as the myriad millions whose experiences compose it. Yet for all its variety, history is not a mere collection of the odd, the unrelated, or the esoteric.

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[7]Weber, *op. cit.*, 40. (my italics)

Human acts are distinctively rational and are undertaken to achieve specific ends. The irrational and the impersonal condition men's decisions and thereby introduce variables, but these are shades and tints which distinguish rather than differentiate.

Historical continuity derives from common challenges and purposeful responses. One such constant has been the continuing search for personal security, a search which has been paralleled by the individual's need to develop his own "proper virtue and excellence." There has been persistent tension between the restraints necessary to security and the human aspiration toward self-fulfillment and self-expression. This tension has produced many reactions under differing circumstances and widely separated ideological climates. Yet those reactions provide a pattern. The political martyrs of Tudor England who from the scaffold spoke their faith in crown and country had little but contemporaneity in common with those Muscovites who begged Ivan IV to return and rule them as their absolute sovereign. Both, however, showed that final belief in sovereignty and fear of anarchy which lies at the very root of government and which Hobbes described so graphically. But even where the sovereign was supreme, men sought to reserve a corner for themselves. Thus Sir Thomas More went serenely to his fate, a mutely eloquent protestor of Henry's absolutism, while Prince Kurbsky, from a bitter Lithuanian exile, attacked Tsar Ivan's assuming ultimate authority. These parallels could be multiplied many times, and they are only a part of history's emergent patterns.

Since history reflects purpose and exhibits coherence and continuity, it can serve the social sciences in three ways, and each of these bears on the problem of significance. First, history provides an inexhaustible supply of examples. The record of the past is never entirely clear, and the evidence is often fragmentary and unsatisfactory. But the effort to penetrate the mysteries surrounding specific issues can be vastly rewarding. The political scientist, concerned with the methods and procedures of modern dictatorships, could learn much from the Pisitratids, Cola di Rienzo, or even the ambivalent empire of Napoleon III. The social psychologist might well ponder the Florentine response to Savonarola, the self-abasement of the Inquisition's victims, or the confessional urge which drove the Russian Decembrists to bare their souls—a phenomenon

which appeared again at the Moscow purge trials and which neither torture nor Dostoyevsky satisfactorily explains. The use of examples drawn from the past provides corroboration and a check on current conclusions as well as helping to maintain perspective and opening new insights through the use of completed experience.

History's second contribution lies in penetrating the process of development. Institutions, patterns of behavior, economic structures, methods of control——all have developed from something which preceded. This truism is too often forgotten. Historicism may be poverty-stricken, naive, misleading, disingenuous, or dangerous, but to damn historicism and then neglect history emasculates understanding. Recent Soviet technological achievements have shocked the Western world, for almost it seemed that Sputnik sprang full-armed from Khrushchev's forehead. Belatedly, we are gaining some perspective, and recently John Turkevich, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, explained the Russian scientific tradition inherited by the Soviets and pointed out that these world-shaking discoveries have been the result of a long period of development. To know this does not change the situation, but at least the mystery is dissolved and the problem brought into focus. So also with the issues that the social scientist explores. They are subject to genesis and growth, and understanding the process of growth is essential to understanding the problem.

The third contribution goes even deeper, for it leads into the heart of the problem of significance. Significance implies two levels of meaning which may be called immediate and general. Any given fact has meaning, and even an isolated statistic has immediate meaning. The assertion that X number of automobiles were produced in October, 1957, conveys specific information about a specific subject, and this notion may be enlarged. It is an established fact, for example, that the sixteenth century saw the beginnings of an eastward migration in Russia which compared rather strikingly with the westward movement in colonial and post-colonial North America. These are facts of a more complicated structure than a statistical assertion, but they remain only facts exhibiting immediate meaning, or meaning in relation to themselves. To provide further dimension, a third example may be noted. Researches in social psychology have established that fear is a basic element in social relations. This

fact, which is the most complex of those mentioned, still has only immediate significance. Each of the facts mentioned has further implications and these in turn conduce toward a more general descriptive statement concerning actual social phenomena, but a description which exhibits meaning only within a framework of the thing described.

General meaning, or general significance, goes beyond any individual discovery or any particular fact. It concerns significance in a universal sense, and it implies a reality which overreaches spatial and temporal limitations. This reality stems from the constants in human experience and is defined in terms of universal principles. In turn, universal principles are those aims which have remained constant in human history. We noted before that experience is purposeful and can be understood rationally. It follows that the generalized needs and goals which comprise the larger perspective can also be understood rationally, and history provides the record and the context for that understanding.

It has already been suggested that the drive toward freedom and the need for authority provided a common ground for understanding diverse experiences. Franz Neumann elevated those principles to the rank of universals and suggested them as a guide to the problem of general meaning. Methodologically his suggestion is a good one, and his explanation of the way in which specific data received general significance as they forwarded or challenged liberty and sovereignty provides a working example of the approach suggested here. Neumann noted, among other things, that the advance of universal principles often occurred unconsciously, and he pointed to the legal structure of the German Empire which, while manifestly nondemocratic, provided the minima for individual security under law. To that degree it advanced and maintained the indidividual's liberty, and this within a structure which was openly and obviously oriented to the interests of the few rather than the many. The patterns of historical development are a referrent which enables the student not only to gain a larger perspective on his work but also to have a guide to the ultimate meaning of the material he uncovers.

This is the most important contribution which history has to offer the social scientist. Historical examples in themselves are use-

ful, and the sense of process provides developmental perspective. But the introduction of general meaning advances knowledge beyond the purely descriptive and completes the phenomenal cycle. Human beings act, and as their actions are purposeful, they are also meaningful both in the context of the act and in the larger context of past actions seeking similar goals. By considering the problem of significance in its general sense, the researcher returns to the human framework and to the human values which are the essence of his work.

IV

At this point we should restate our propositions. First, we accept the validity of Weber's position that method must vary with the nature of the problem. Second, the development of techniques and methodology within this framework represents the modern social sciences' major contribution. Third, this development in itself does not go far enough, and the tendency for new categories of knowledge about men to absorb their human data has intensified. Fourth, this tendency can be checked, and the data returned to its human framework, by seeking anew to meet the challenge of meaning in human action, and by utilizing the assumption that experience itself is meaningful. In essence both sets of assumptions which we have laid down should be used. The objective analysis of data, the synthesizing and categorizing of that data, and the creation of descriptive and analytic systems are essential. The information thus provided should in turn take on meaning as it is related to the constants or universal principles in human development. In this way the rich variety of human experience can be brought into focus, and the science of humanity attain its fullest meaning.

One further point needs to be made. The clear implication of the foregoing is that an artificial distinction has become reality, and that the social sciences and the humanities are far closer together than either has been willing to admit. What began as a legitimate distinction in terms of subject matter and limited goals has become a difference in roads to knowledge. Both the social sciences and the humanities seek to provide enlightenment, and both ultimately must be concerned with the definition and analysis of human problems. The approach suggested here re-emphasizes

their common ground. It should be obvious that the social psychologist, the political scientist, the economist, and the historian will deal with their specific problems in the manner most befitting the nature of those problems. But what should be equally clear is that all these provide material which needs to be considered on another level. Perspective, a much abused word but still a good one, is needed, and the continuities of human experience can provide that perspective. This is not to argue that the social scientist should be a professional historian. But it does argue that historical context, in the widest meaning of the term, is necessary to complete the circle of knowledge about men.

Time Piece

By TIM REYNOLDS

Caught at this very arch of time
this clock has quit. Its latest tick
is all but silence, hands have stopped, and spring

drives nothing. It is broken. Wind and wind
and find it overwound and still
with something rattling deep inside
that neither twist nor tinkering will fix.

Time has here ceased for all of time
and who knows noon or midnight? Twelve,
and the mainspring stiff, the hands erect.

Coney Island

By TIM REYNOLDS

This is their quota of play:
these curves of simulated menace,
freaks, wheels and wieners, all such railleries—
they moisten the dry vein, make weak the strong knee,
and the unsleeping eye tired.

The beach is dozens deep
with vacationers baking their torpid senses,
prone on bright sand, beneath beach umbrellas,
sleeping and eating far from the untenanted sea,
in fleshy crush immured.

Others shriek round steep
latticed runways, strong-fenced,
long-legged bright-eyed girls and their laughing fellows
purchasing for a small fee a stimulatingly close shave,
Cinerama-secure.

In the Wax Musée
dolls, for great crimes in during penance,
pose stiffly, dust-pelted. Elsewhere, in grander galleries,
sweet Venus strolls forever from a glossy wave
in a fine mist of desire.

TIM REYNOLDS' last appearance on our pages was with a poem in the Fall 1957 issue. He is in the Army, currently studying Russian at the Army Language School.

Science Comes of Age

By SAMUEL B. GOULD

■ A college president should stick to his last, but even a college president who is a nonscientist must give much thought to science in these current years, to its philosophical implications, to its multitude of achievements, to the promises and dangers of its future. It would be most remiss of him not to do so.

That is why I have searched where I could and read where I could to find answers to some of the questions about science which have so often perplexed me. I make no pretense of being an original thinker in this area, yet certain conclusions of my own have emerged from my reading and study of scientific progress. And the major conclusion of all is that I believe science, after generations of growing pains, has at last come of age.

II

It is probably difficult for many of us to realize that there was a time in the history of liberal arts colleges in America when science was held in rather low regard. The classics were the core of all intellectual activity, and scientific matters were generally disdained. Dr. George Schmidt, in his eminently readable volume, *The Liberal Arts College*, points out,

> At Columbia . . . a trustees' committee reported that a literary and scientific course established in 1830 had "rolled in on a tide of public excitement," but had attracted few students and "after dragging out a feeble existence" was abolished in 1843. The low regard in which science was held at Columbia appears in another trustees' resolution, in 1862, permitting Professor Torrey, the famous naturalist, to give a series of

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lectures in botany "at such hours as will not interfere with the regular studies of the undergraduates."[1]

In more general terms, Dr. Schmidt goes on to say that in the colleges laboratory instruction was "unheard of" and that except for "an occasional distinguished scholar," the scientists remained second-rate citizens and their influence in the academic world was negligible. It was virtually impossible to provide for their training. Silliman, at Yale, although classically trained and studying law, was selected by President Dwight to teach natural philosophy. In preparation he attended some lectures at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and had a few months of study in London and Edinburgh. But this was an exception to the general rule. As Schmidt says,

> Not all students were so fortunate as to have a Silliman for a professor. Most of them seem to have remembered their classes in science, if at all, as a dreary routine of untested assertions or half-baked demonstrations with ridiculously inadequate equipment. . . . A complaint at Brown was voiced by the student newspaper in 1870 when it alleged, perhaps for propaganda purposes: "A cabinet of comparative anatomy is essential to any college. . . . Every plant and animal is an expressed thought of God, and cannot be presented through the medium of a professor. Brown has one ghastly skeleton and two or three small charts, and a few promiscuous bones! Natural philosophy is also destitute of means for making the subject interesting, if it is possible to make it so. Juniors are edified with a clothes-line and a broken fiddle."

But after Darwin all this changed and with amazing suddenness. The old course names of natural philosophy, natural history, mental and moral philosophy were replaced by 1890 with the now familiar categories of chemistry, physics, geology, zoology, psychology, etc. In 1866 one faculty member at Kansas in the new state university taught mathematics and natural philosophy which comprised about one-fourth of the entire curriculum. Thirty years later, as an eminent specialist, he dealt with only a small part of this field as "professor of entomology and organic evolution."

> Grudging, incredulously, the votaries of the classics saw their claims to mental discipline and precision of thought appropriated by the cocky

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[1]George P. Schmidt, *The Liberal Arts College* (Rutgers University Press, 1957).

> scientists. . . . Darwin had furnished them with a rationale, and in their new laboratories they were working out dependable techniques. These laboratories were now forthcoming, for a large part of the wealth that alumni and business philanthropists were beginning to lavish on the universities was, if not needed for a football stadium, being channeled into the science departments. From Harvard to Stanford and from Michigan to Tulane the sciences were now being supported in a style to which they had not been accustomed.

By its sheer growth in size and importance, therefore, and by the way it began gradually to equal and in many cases to dominate and supplant the classics and liberal arts, science showed a maturing power that has brought it to its present state. Here is at least one respect in which it has come of age.

There are more important evidences than those of quantity and emphasis, however, that indicate science to have reached its majority. One of these evidences is the involvement of science so fully and completely in the daily lives of the human race, especially here in America. The practical applications of science have revolutionized our lives in terms of what we eat and drink, what we wear, what we see and hear, how we work, the houses we live in, the ways we travel—in short, every material facet of life has changed tremendously for us as a result of a scientific impact on our world. The methods of communication, of warfare, of agriculture, of manufacture—wherever we turn we are aware of an almost overwhelming scientific influence. Most of this influence has translated itself into a standard of living well nigh unbelievable a century ago and has unlocked a veritable treasure chest of wealth hitherto undreamed of.

Obviously, the spotlight cannot fall upon science so clearly and nakedly without disclosing certain flaws and blemishes, certain weaknesses which now at last it is facing with a new sense of understanding and responsibility. The fact that science has raised to a new level the whole problem of survival of the human race has made it vulnerable to attack even when it is not to blame. America's experience of the past year is a striking example of this.

Anyone reading newspapers and journals or listening to the oratory of the nation's spokesmen and leaders since last fall would almost certainly be led to believe that it was the dearth of scientists in this country that led to the early domination of the Sputnik field

by the Russians. It appeared that we lagged in scientific knowledge, that our educational system was to blame, that we were hopelessly outclassed by the totalitarian approach. Such feelings were not expressed unanimously but they were expressed widely. Science and education generally were selected to be the scapegoats. So far as I can discover, however, the facts of the matter in regard to science are quite different. The best summing-up of them I have seen is in an article by Dr. Ellis A. Johnson, Director of the Operations Research Office of Johns Hopkins University, a scientist, engineer, and former naval officer. Writing in the magazine *Western World*,[2] he points out with impressive documentation that the free world is well ahead of Russia in total technical resources, in basic research, in money, in manpower, and in facilities. But he makes plain with devastating candor that the Soviet had taken a lead because of our own bad organization, insufficient planning, and excessive security regulations, all of which can be laid at the door of the Department of Defense. After indicating the well-known fact that in the United States a major part in military research, development, testing, production, and planning is played by private industry, Dr. Johnson says that the direct influence of civilian science and engineering within the Department of Defense and at higher echelons of the government is now almost nil. It depends primarily on scientific advisory committees with no responsibility or authority. He goes on to show the time-consuming cycle of examination of contracts now required, a process which can last as long as five years. He emphasizes the drawbacks in the cost-plus-fixed-fee type of contract which have two results: exorbitant use of technicians for each development, and lack of incentive to take a risk. He stresses the fact that insufficient broad long-range planning is going on in the United States and other NATO countries. Finally, Dr. Johnson describes the rigid security regulations in the United States which make it virtually impossible for research scientists to examine accounts of prior or parallel work by other industrial or military laboratories and which limit communication within the Department of Defense itself to the point where old problems are being solved repetitiously. If we fell behind, therefore, the fault was ours, not that of science.

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[2] "Why the Russians are Ahead in Science," *Western World*, April, 1958.

Still another way in which science shows definite signs of coming of age is in its new realization that it must bridge the gap between itself and society. Recently, America's first Parliament of Science was convened in Washington on the initiative of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Both scientists and nonscientists were asked to participate, representatives of the public, government, education, the press, the arts and humanities. Dr. Warren Weaver, vice president of the Rockefeller Foundation, said in his statement summoning the Parliament, that scientists wanted to join with others in deciding how to play "a noble part" (the phrase is Dr. Weaver's) in the use of the new dimensions of power that it has discovered. Even if we grant that this Parliament failed to spell out how it expected to play such a "noble part" or that it took very mild stands on issues which should have been met forthrightly and courageously, and even if we grant that only fifteen per cent of the nonscientific delegates originally invited actually attended, still it represented a recognition of a major problem for science today, one which hitherto it has largely ignored. For science to understand that a solid bridge of communication must be built to link it with society at large is an encouraging sign of progress.

It is not only now and in this century that the necessity for better understanding between science and the humanities has been championed. As far back as the eighteenth century there were those who strove to demonstrate that science and humane learning could be combined. Montesquieu and Voltaire were two such men, who as social philosophers tried to draw scientific parallels in their exposition of the laws by which they said man lives. But in the main, it is in our modern day that scholars are beginning in considerable numbers to talk about what is common to the sciences and humanities rather than what is different about them.

Perhaps the events of modern times have made the scientist more sensitive to his influence upon mankind. He has seen more dramatically than ever, because of the increased power of his inventions for destruction, a moral implication in what he has been doing. In the midst of his ordinarily confident assertions that his duty is to explore and explore, regardless of result, a faint doubt has crept in as to whether he has not some responsibility to his fellow men in this matter. And the added fact that he cannot always

find himself in agreement with his fellow scientists (on such a question, for example, as whether radioactive fallout is or is not injurious to the human race) has given him pause and has made him wonder about the infallibility of his data. Suppose others were right and he turned out to be wrong? Suppose there were devastating results because of his error? Can the scientist permit himself the luxury of a conscience? I would not attempt to answer; I merely point out that such a question is beginning to be voiced more and more often. And the importance of this, as I see it, is that a new sense of humility is developing in science, in some instances even a realization that some higher power may actually be directing the universe. Some scientists are beginning to think like Jules de Goncourt when he said many years ago, "We do believe that at . . . a particular stage of scientific development, the good Lord, with a flowing white beard, will arrive on earth with his chain of keys and will say to humanity, just as they do at the Art Gallery at five o'clock, 'Gentlemen, it's closing time.' " The awareness, first of all, of the infinitesimal amount that has been discovered in proportion to what still remains unknown, and second, of the unpredictable or horrifying results which some discoveries will occasion is a humbling and sobering thought for the modern scientist. Such unpredictability in relation to human survival makes all the more essential the need for scientists the world over to be in constant communication with one another and not to be vying secretly for the privilege of being first with a new discovery. This kind of secrecy is all too often the convenient tool of political expediency and is just as often fraught with the possibility of disaster. Political involvement is a wine too heady for most scientists to drink without losing at least in some degree their dedication to finding and sharing the truth with all the world. They need to think carefully about what the aftermath could be if they were to become pawns of a government.

Science, in the main, seems to be coming to terms with the spiritual side of life also, possibly as it recognizes more and more that regardless of the weighty evidence of facts presented to him and the lucidity of logic displayed to him, man appears to be predominantly governed by his emotions. And it does little good to explain away these emotions in newly devised scientific terms or

to say that every inner thought and act of men can be plotted by the laws of one science or another. It may perhaps be possible to manufacture goodness and magnanimity and forbearance by the application of certain physical laws, but I have never known of these values of life emerging this way. When we are all through exploring ourselves and explaining ourselves, there seems to be something outside ourselves but acting upon us which is yet unexplored and unexplained. It is this something with which the scientist struggles, for it is an intangible part of man's heritage and intangibles are the bane of the scientist's existence. Sometimes the intangible expresses itself in religious feeling, which as John Tyndall said, "is as much a verity as any other part of human consciousness; and against it, on the subjective side, the waves of science beat in vain." Doubts have been raised and faiths have been shaken as perhaps never before when more and more people have chosen to interpret the laws of science as ruling out any divine presence. Yet the increasing interdependence of man seems only to intensify his efforts to come closer to the values which were accepted thousands of years ago in the Judeo-Christian tradition as necessary to a fulfilling and meaningful life. Science has become mature as it has realized that these values cannot be ignored or swept away in the total concept of man's place in the universe. The force of man's emotions as a ruling factor in his life may well be atavistic in its source, but it still must be reckoned with in the totality of life. If I were to make a prediction, it would be that during the next fifty years a whole new era of scientific knowledge will be uncovered, subjective rather than objective in its approach, probing man's emotions as well as his mind and adding a new dimension to the already vexing difficulty which science has in adjusting itself to any outside force.

III

What I have been saying thus far has been an exposition of some of the doubts and problems that beset the scientist when he considers his relationship to the rest of the world. When matters of religion and morality and national safety and personal relationships crowd in upon him, he is unhappy because they complicate the clearly structured approaches to life in which he has been reared.

But the fact that he is now thinking about these problems and that he sees this area of maladjustment (no matter whether he considers himself or the nonscientific world to be maladjusted) is an evidence of maturity on his part.

This brings me to another and final point about science's coming of age. It is made manifest in the overtures that science is making toward developing science courses and programs into more creative, balanced, and integrated entities. To me this is a most important sign, for in it I see encouraging possibilities for science and the liberal arts to draw together more closely. At the same time I recognize the difficulties standing in the way of increased understanding.

I suppose there are three attitudes that must be reflected in science education of the future if we are to move toward the solution of the present dilemmas of the world. Each of them poses philosophical and practical problems, yet the development of these attitudes could be the key to unlock doors hitherto closed almost purposefully. I would not dare to suggest that there is any assurance of any of these attitudes being developed successfully, but the increase in the maturity of science offers at least a glimmer of hope. The three characteristics I would advocate, therefore, as essential to all science courses or programs are those of *humanism*, *intelligibility*, and *a recognition of mystery*.

The fact that I champion the inclusion of a humanistic approach in science is not because, as a nonscientist, I am fighting desperately for the place of the humanities and liberal arts in education. It is rather that I truly believe the scientist should be a man first and a scientist second, and that I know no better way to move him systematically toward appreciations of the beauty and truth in the world than by developing his aesthetic insights along with his scientific ones. The scientist who can analyze a flower part by part, who can effect changes in that flower by cross-pollenization or grafting and who sees only the physical change without any appreciation of the beauty of the flower or its fragrance—that scientist is only partially mature. Similarly, the scientist who is wedded to his profession to the exclusion of literature, music, art, or philosophy is living an incomplete existence. He is cutting himself off from the rich culture of centuries, never realizing that these creative

thoughts and works of man are the nearest approach that we have to immortality or to eternal verities.

The great gap between the scientists and the humanists seems to be created in large measure because the two look upon truth in dissimilar fashion. Howard Mumford Jones expresses this dissimilarity as the humanist's "concept of truth as something in being" and the scientist's "as something becoming. In a loose, general sense the humanist asks: 'How did this truth come into being?' whereas the scientist asks: 'Where do we go from here?' "[3]

Efforts in higher education, particularly in scientific institutions hitherto rather oblivious to the importance of the humanities, to revise their curricula by additions of departments of humanistic studies (M.I.T. is an outstanding example) offer hope that a meeting-ground may yet be found and that the scientist of the future will have a new awareness of the heritage of the past. He will more and more relate scientific achievement to the living thought of the age that produced it. As he does this, his perspectives will change and his appreciations will deepen.

When we come to the second attitude, the matter of intelligibility, I must admit that the sciences are not the only offenders. To say that most people do not understand science because its language is so technical, and to point out that even scientific specialists frequently do not understand each other—to say these things is to state only half the fact. The other half is that the humanists are equally guilty of surrounding their work with unintelligible jargon. Furthermore, a whole new vocabulary has sprung up in the social sciences and in education generally, leaving the layman frustrated and ready to abandon his interest or curiosity in those fields. There are all kinds of snobberies in this world, and no one has yet dealt adequately with the snobbery of vocabulary when it is employed to make confusion and difficulty out of what could be directness and simplicity. But we are discussing science now, and so I make my plea specifically for an effort toward simpler terms of science, toward plain and direct language which fosters communication of ideas and which encourages rather than dismays the neophyte.

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[3]Howard Mumford Jones, "A Humanist Looks at Science," *Daedalus*, LXXXVII, No. 1, Winter, 1958.

Scientific vocabularies could use a real overhauling; a scientific lexicographer with a burning zeal for simplification would be a boon to us all. It is important to remember that one of the reasons Darwin had such tremendous impact upon the world was that it was possible for his work to be read and understood by the layman. The same thing can be said for Freud.

Sometimes I get the feeling that the development of intellectual jargon is a divine visitation upon us to keep us from progressing too rapidly. We all remember Chapter Eleven in Genesis which tells us about the great advances human beings had made in mechanical engineering. By introducing brick and mortar construction they built a great city.

> And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, "Behold, they are one people and they have all one language; and this is what they begin to do: and now nothing will be withholden from them, which they purpose to do. Come, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off building the city.

Can it be that we are now being forced to create the Babel in order that we may never build the Tower or the city?

The third attitude, one which recognizes and makes allowances for the mysteries in life, is to me an all-important component of science education for the future. It is such an attitude which still makes humility and faith and magnanimity acceptable and desirable. These are metaphysical aspects of life which have survived scientific probings up to this point. Aldous Huxley, for example, insists that "the scientific picture of the world is inadequate for the simple reason that science does not even profess to deal with experience as a whole, but only with certain aspects of it in certain contexts."[4]

Giorgio de Santillana, in discussing the legacy to science left by the seventeenth century, quotes Maxwell on knowledge: "It is a universal condition of the enjoyable that the mind must believe

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[4]Aldous Huxley, *Science, Liberty and Peace* (New York, 1946).

in the existence of a law and yet have a mystery to move in."[5] And de Santillana goes on to comment that "what makes the mystery 'enjoyable' is the intuition of an identity of nature between the law we discern and that of our own being." The fact that science represents the "ordering capacity for thought" provides it with something humanistic, for such capacity includes philosophical awareness and the creative and contemplative attributes. These are all necessary to the structure of science education. The creative faculty in man must be encouraged to range far beyond the equations and formulas which bind and limit his thinking. From his imaginative conjectures about life's mysteries can come new and more penetrating discoveries.

I am guilty of the very unintelligibility I am decrying, but in essence I am asking that the scientist enter upon his career only after he has looked into the humanistic elements of life, and that he keep these elements in mind as he tends to grow more and more the specialist. I am asking that science programs be devised to make allowances both in time and emphasis for such exploration of the humanities. If, after such exploration, science chooses to reject the values which the humanities propose as desirable, then at least it will have been with full knowledge and on the basis of the most careful scrutiny.

The part that science has to play in the future of this planet is an awesome one. It is a part which science is coming to recognize more clearly each day as only one of the tremendous forces of life. Through such recognitions we reach toward the maturing aspects of science and also the real hope for the world, for they are guarantees that scientists of the future will be men as well as specialists, human beings as well as researchers, humble as well as confident and courageous. Today's scientists, like a few of their great predecessors in history, are already beginning to emerge with such attributes. We must do all in our power to see that this happens more and more by the very nature of the education we provide young men and women.

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[5]Giorgio de Santillana, "The Seventeenth-Century Legacy," *Daedalus*, LXXXVII, No. 1, Winter, 1958.

A quotation from the introduction to a volume of *Proceedings* of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences points a way for us.

> As David McCord reminded us not long ago, the ancient figure of Daedalus himself has always been strangely modern, standing at the intersection of old dreams and new nightmares. He is remembered for his cunning, for the invention of devices no one else could duplicate or even understand. He mastered knowledge of the natural order, of technological possibilities, of magic itself. Today, this combination reappears in the popular conception of the scientists. And the same image contains a second confusion no less dangerous—that a true synthesis of the sciences and arts can still be achieved at the highest level within the individual. There may be real hope for reaching a common understanding, but not by the imposition of a new system from without to replace the unified world systems we have lost. Rather, the way to the goal is precisely through discussions (between scientists and nonscientists.) As Robert Oppenheimer says, "We ourselves, and with each other by our converse, can create, not an architecture of global scope, but an immense, intricate network of intimacy, illumination, and understanding."

Myth and Reason

By WILLIAM STAFFORD

When Aristotle analyzed his dreams
he blocked all caves that fed the streams
of ignorance that moved his mover.

But caves loomed back in the ground he trod:
engulfed, he walked below new ground.
The holes were real; the dreams themselves lived on.

The rock that held them disappeared.

Poems by WILLIAM STAFFORD have appeared in a number of magazines in recent years. He is presently teaching at Lewis and Clark College and the Oregon State Extension system.

Hind Sight

By BEN MORREALE

■ Each day after three, before Cholly was placed as a seeing dog, he stood with the young of the street, his clenched fists plunged deep in his pocketless trousers and fondling the warmth, as the wind coming from the sea ruffled his thick brown hair.

He was given the job by the high school placement bureau. Not that he went to school regularly, for after missing so many days looking for work, secretly he would shrug his shoulders, "What the flit for." Not as a question, it was a simple statement. And he spent the afternoons and lunch money with his friends, in the burlesque houses, broodingly watching sweet, sticky women making animal love to a dusty curtain, their buttocks fluttering. And then the long ride home together, yet alone, with the smell of sweet powder and the taste of the shared hot dog and root beer high in his throat.

When he was brought before the authorities for missing the better part of the school year, and after the men of authority asked him pleadingly, "Why don't you want to finish your schooling?" he answered almost gently, "What the flit for," as he stood before them dumbly until his eyes, like a dog's, trying but failing to understand, became vague and wandered loosely over the grey walls, the peeling ceiling, and out the window to the sun lying upon the gilded towers of the insurance buildings like hammered gold leaf. And the old man of authority spoke about the importance of having a high school education and a trade to ply, until the authority stopped abruptly.

"We'll have to see your parents."

BEN MORREALE's first novel, *The Seventh Saracen*, has just been published by Coward McCann. He is the author of "L'Americanu" which appeared in our Spring issue, and is completing a play dealing with the fall of Robespierre.

"I'm a orphan."

"You live with someone?"

"They work and can't come."

"Don't you want to learn, son?" The old man softened for a moment.

"What the flit for."

"Don't you want to graduate?"

"What the flit for."

"Why you little. . . ." The old man bared his tarnished teeth.

Now Cholly had picked up the phrase as one learns the words, "hand me the bread," or, "I'll see you, fella." It meant little to him.

"What the flit for," he repeated.

The old man of authority raised his hand in anger, and the boy stepped towards the old man, "Now pop. . . ." The old man stopped, his hand raised and the anger drained from his face. He looked at the boy as if to say, "What the flit for."

Actually Cholly was not an orphan. He lived with his mother, who was a deaf mute, in the attic of a frame house, in the three distorted rooms that to Cholly seemed like the inside of walnuts. It was here that Cholly had learned the sign language from his mother. Often they sat, fluttering their hands at each other and smiling gently in the deafening silence. Late in the evening they would share a bottle of beer and some bread and after this, their supper, they went to bed. They ate as late as possible for, as Cholly's mother often signaled to him, "This is all there is. And beer is very nourishing. These are bad times."

At 3:15 Cholly reported to the home of his master, an old blind printer, retired, but who still enjoyed visiting his old colleagues in the printing plant he had established and which, after his total blindness, he had left to his two sons.

The apartment of his master was a whirl of papers, books scattered about, chairs fallen over on their sides; a spittoon was on the leather couch, dog biscuits had spilled out of a dog bowl on the bureau on to the worn Persian rug. There was no dog in sight.

Cholly could hardly see the old man sitting in the leather chair, surrounded by empty whiskey half pints, fifth bottles, and sticky empty glasses.

"Don't touch a thing, boy. I know exactly where each object is, boy."

Then Cholly saw the old man in the leather chair, his eyelids trembling, a pained face as if some piercing sound were racking his ears.

"I was sent by the school, Mr. Fox."

"Yes, I know. What's your name, boy?"

"Cholly."

"All right, boy, now listen. It's an easy job. Just be careful not to touch a thing in the apartment, because I know exactly where everything is and it's the only way I can get around. You hear, boy?" The old man roared.

"Yeah, I hear," Cholly said softly out of habit.

"What?"

"Yeah, I hear, I said."

"All right, boy. Good boy." The old man felt for the glass beside the chair. "The first thing you do when you come in is get me a drink." He paused and cocked his head, listening. "Well, boy, go get it. Go get it, boy."

Cholly stood before the old man, bewildered. "I don't see nothing around."

"It's right underneath the bureau."

"I don't see nothing."

"Look around, boy, look around. I know where everything is."

Cholly got on all fours and sniffed around the dust underneath the bureau and all he saw was an empty box of dog biscuits. Then as he looked about, he saw across the room under the leather couch, six bottles of whiskey. As Cholly crawled across the room he heard the old man ask, "Did you find them, boy?"

And from underneath the couch Cholly answered, "Yeah, I found 'em."

"Good boy, Cholly. I know where everything is in this house. I hav' to."

After Cholly had poured him his drink, the old man leaned back in the chair, drank, and sighed. His eyes stopped fluttering for a while, and Cholly could see his blinded eyes like two fine crystal balls that had been pierced and shattered and to Cholly seemed like the color of stale hard-boiled eggs.

The old man had been totally blind for only the past five years. He had lost the sight of his right eye in the Great War. It had been only five years ago that a piece of shrapnel lodged within his face had traveled to his left eye, blinding it, and the many operations failed to restore its sight. For the first year of his blindness he had lived with his older son, Jack, who was married, and lived in a fine home on a street dark with sturdy green trees. But with the coming of the second child, the old man felt the coldness of his son's wife and he left to live in the small apartment with his younger son, William, until William left one day without saying a word. Now he had been gone six months. In that time he was taken care of by an assortment of nurses, maids, companions, and seeing eye dogs.

The old man leaned toward Cholly and his eyelids began to flutter again, "Now after you get me the drink, you read me the papers. You know how to read, boy, don't you?"

"Yeah, I know how."

"It depends on how you read, boy. And after the readings, we go out. I make a few calls and that's it. That's all there is to it, boy. Is that clear, boy?"

Cholly nodded his head.

"Well, boy?"

"Sure, I get it."

"OK then, read me the papers now."

Cholly looked about the piles of papers around the room. "Which one you want me to read?"

"Today's paper, boy. It's on the table by the door."

Cholly found the paper in the dish rack in the kitchen and came back to sit in a straight-backed chair before his master.

"You find it, boy?"

"I got it." Cholly looked at the headlines. "Where do I begin?"

"From the left to the right, boy."

"You want me to read everything?"

"That's right, everything."

Cholly began. "Mayor scores law causing job rush. Seeing 5,000 in line, he says first come first served rule is stupid. Three hurt in stampede. The dogged . . ."

"Hold it, boy. You're not reading everything."

"I'm reading everything I see."

"No, you're not, boy. What about the punctuations?"

"What punctuations?"

"The periods, commas, boy. Read everything, everything."

Cholly began again, "The dogged persistence of more than five comma zero zero zero men standing in line for hours outside the municipal building to file applications for jobs as city porter comma paying from 960 dollars to one comma two zero zero . . ."

"Isn't there a dollar sign?"

"Yeah."

The old man shook his head. "All right, go ahead."

". . . a year prompted Mayor LaGuardia to criticize the civil service law period. Two little scratches on top I want to show you boys . . ."

"What do you mean, two little scratches?"

"There are two little scratches before he starts to talk."

"You mean quotation marks, boy."

"Yeah, I mean quotation marks."

"Start again, boy."

"From the beginning?"

"No, no, from the quotes."

"The what?"

"The quotation marks, boy, the quotes." The old man felt for the bottle beside his chair; when he found it he gripped the neck and listened to Cholly.

"Quotation marks I want to show you boys a very stupid provision of the Civil Service Law comma quotation marks the mayor said period quotation marks . . ."

"Enough of that, boy. Go on to something else." The old man then lifted the bottle, brought its mouth to the rim of the glass, and started pouring, listening to the whiskey slowly trickling into the glass. "Say when, boy." The whiskey poured for a long time as Cholly stared at his master.

"Well, boy. I can't see the fool thing. Tell me when to stop."

"When do you want to stop?"

"When you say when."

"When."

"Is it full?"

"Almost."

"OK boy, go ahead."

Cholly went on to read to the old man that a man, Benes, was talking to the "Checks" and that the British were "debating their stand," while "Sudeten outbreaks add to the tension period." From time to time the old man would interrupt to ask Cholly to say "when" while he slowly poured out the whiskey. It wasn't long before Cholly learned that he was to say "when" when the glass was filled to the brim.

"Do you see anything on the war in Spain?"

"No."

"Turn to the inside pages. That's where they bury it nowadays."

On page four Cholly began to read, while he heard the old man mutter, "The damn fool":

TANK DRIVE STOPPED
LOYALISTS ANNOUNCE

EBRO SECTOR IS AT STAND STILL
BOMBS DROPPED AT BARCELONA

"Barcelona Spain Sept period 13 1938 period. Rebel forces in the Gaeta sector today continued their attempt to break through the Loyalist lines period." As Cholly read, he looked up from time to time and saw the old man close his eyelids tight. There was a pained expression in his face.

"Premier Juan Negren of half moon to the right . . ."

"Good god, parenthesis, boy, parenthesis."

"Premier Juan Negren of parenthesis government parenthesis Spain in a dramatic move in the League of Nations Assembly tonight comma announced that quotes the Spanish Government has just decided on immediate and complete withdrawal of all non dash Spanish combatants period quotes." As Cholly looked up, he saw the old man raise up his head. "Read that again."

After Cholly finished the item for the third time, he heard the old man mutter, "It's about time. The damn fool." And he said to Cholly, "Is there any more, boy?"

"That's all I see."

"Ah." He waved his hand in disgust. "Get to the corset ads."

"What?"

"The corset ads on page fifteen; read them, boy."

Cholly found the pictures of thin women encased in corsets and as he started to read he had to wonder why such skinny women had to wear them. Perhaps to make them look fatter, he thought.

"Well, boy?"

Cholly focused the print and began to read: "Applause the foundation that gets waist lines down to a minimum dollar sign 7 period 50 period. Sensation has made this new Young Colony group of girdles and foundations of a fine mesh comma whose bias tension smooths out your diagram . . ."

"Diaphragm, diaphragm, son. Can't you read straight?"

". . . your diaphragm comma molds your hips comma and slims your thighs period. Young Colony corsets period period period second floor."

"Good boy, Cholly. You don't read like Barrymore but I understand you."

The reading lasted about two hours, then the old man began to dress. He stumbled over one of the chairs on its side, tripped over a dog biscuit box and fell on all fours. "Who the hell. . . . That damn maid has been moving things again."

Cholly tried to help him and the old man roared, "Keep reading, boy, I know where everything is in this goddamn place."

Cholly finished just about four pages of the paper each day. After a while he began to listen to what he read, even the commas, and soon became one of the best informed seeing dogs the old man had ever had.

Once dressed, the old man, his heavy cane in hand, said, "OK boy, let's go out. Out boy!" And they walked out, Cholly in front and the old man hooked to his arm. "Just tell me when we get to steps and curbs, you hear, boy?"

Outside they walked close to the curb, the old man with his nose pointed to the sky, nostrils vibrating, his head cocked, listening intently. Cholly looked at the ground as if he were sniffing; he felt a little silly. Each time they made a call, the old man put his hand on Cholly's arm and placed him next to the door. "Now stay here, boy. When I get down I can't go looking all over for you. Now stay, boy, stay. You hear? Stay."

"Yeah, I'll stay. OK."

Sometimes the calls were brief and Cholly remained up against the door where the old man had put him, waiting patiently. When the old man stayed away for a long time Cholly would try to stay put, but he was young and restless, so he would dogtail it to the curb and flop down. When the old man appeared at the door and he felt for Cholly, not finding him, he cried out, "Boy, where are you? Here, boy. Where the hell are you, Cholly boy?"

Cholly turned and saw the old man, growling at the sky. "Here, boy. Here, boy." The old man almost looked afraid. When Cholly came up to him, the old man clamped his arm with his hand. "Don't leave me like that, boy. You hear, boy?" His face melted into gentle fear that even the boy was aware of. It must be said, though, that the old man once had been left by one of his seeing eye dogs—left in his floating darkness with all the sounds of the light world around him like a vast sea.

"I can't go looking for you, boy."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Fox." Cholly could feel the old man trembling. The boy and the old man stood silently. After a while the old man took Cholly's arm. "OK boy. Come, let's go home."

After the visits, Cholly led the old man home where they ate the evening meal together. It was sent up from one of the finer restaurants. This was part of Cholly's wages. Around eight in the evening Cholly left, walking home, looking at the trees with new interest.

But Cholly did not undertand this new urge until the evening he took his master to visit his older son. That afternoon Cholly had been reading well, for he had been reading for almost a week now and pronounced the commas as they should be and gave the semicolons not quite the pause a period deserved. The old man sat drinking his whiskey and nodding his head.

It was nearly five and the old man was dressing when Cholly found the article on the war in Spain.

LOYALISTS REGAIN
HILLS IN EBRO AREA

COUNTER-ATTACK DRIVES REBELS
FROM STRATEGIC SLOPES
THEY SEIZED TUESDAY

AMERICAN FALLS INTO INSURGENT
HANDS ON THE LAST DAY HIS UNIT
TOOK PART IN FIGHTING

The old man stopped, felt for the couch; finding the arm, he slowly sat down.

"By Lawrence Barksworth period. The war balance favored the Loyalists today in the Ebro fighting period. In two counter dash attacks in different parts of that front hills previously lost were recaptured period. One of these had been particularly vigorously fought for in previous actions since it overlooks a main highway period. Insurgent attacks in the east west sector were reported repulsed period. There was also fighting on the central parenthesis Madrid and Andalusian parenthesis fronts comma while government forces again reported success period. Severe punishment was reported inflicted on the Rebels in the vicinity of Horno de la Col on the Andalusian front period.

WILLIAM FOX CAPTURED

"William Fox comma 24 dash year dash old son of an American printer prominent in publishing circles comma was disclosed today to have been captured by Spanish Insurgents during the night of Sept period 3 in the last action of the International Brigade fighting with the Spanish Government forces period."

Cholly looked up and saw the old man slumped in the couch and rather than remain in that silly silence he continued to read. "Visitors to the Lincoln dash Washington Battalion of Americans comma who now are back to the east of the Ebro River awaiting evacuation from Spain comma said Mr period Fox was the last man lost by the unit period.

"Mr period Fox joined the International Brigade last April after entering Spain under the guise of being a reporter for an American paper period. He was wounded July 29 in the govern-

ment's Ebro River drive period. Following his recovery comma he returned to the front lines period.

"On the night he was captured he went out in charge of a special patrol of himself and two others to contact a platoon on the right flank, slightly ahead of the Lincoln-Washington Battalion's positions. Two hours later one of the men, James Sikowsky, an American, returned alone. He reported that the three had gone to the platoon's supposed position and found no one. They proceeded several hundred yards only to stop suddenly when they heard noises that might have marked an insurgent outpost. Mr. Fox told his companions to wait in the dark while he went on to check up."

Now Cholly was reading quickly and forgot to read the punctuations.

"Mr. Sikowsky said he had been gone only a few seconds when rifle shots were heard and the explosion of hand grenades, followed by shouts, he reported, came from Mr. Fox. Both Mr. Sikowsky and his companion, a Spaniard, ran forward but were met by a burst of rifle fire. The Spaniard was hit and Mr. Sikowsky returned."

The old man sat still with an empty glass in his hand. He started pawing under the couch looking for the bottle, muttering, "The damn fool. The damn fool." He looked up to the ceiling and his eyes were like moist hard boiled eggs. "Boy, where the hell is the bottle?"

When Cholly had poured him a drink, he drank it quickly and then was quiet for a long time. Finally he turned to where he thought Cholly was. "Boy, a good proof reader never gets lost in what he's reading. You sure missed a lot of punctuations." He sounded tired. "Come on, boy, let's go out. Out, boy."

Outside they took a cab and rode in silence for a long time. The cab stopped in front of a large house surrounded by a lawn and tall sturdy trees. On the broad red stairs leading to the house the old man was met by his older son, and in a moment they went upstairs, leaving Cholly on the stoop where he flopped down and waited. He sat watching the tall trees and his nose quivered. He stayed and waited. The lights above became bright as it grew dark and the angry voices coming from the house made his ears tingle.

"The damn fool."

"If he ever gets out of this, he'll never hear the end of it, believe me."

"The damn fool," the old man's voice repeated.

"He and his bolshevist friends. . . . They'll never hear the end of it."

"The damn fool."

"He will ruin us all," a woman's voice chanted in a high pitched whisper.

"The poor damn fool."

There came a chill in the air and Cholly drew his knees up to his chin as the wind hissed through the trees; he waited. And then it began to rain. Cholly pulled in his neck, lowered his head, and from time to time lifted his eyes, furrowing his brow, to the sky. It was 11:30 when the old man and his son appeared. The younger man stumbled over Cholly huddled on the stoop waiting.

"Jesus, kid, are you still here? I thought the old man told you to go."

"What's the matter, Jack?" Cholly heard the old man say.

"The kid's still here."

And then Cholly heard the kindness in the voice of the old man. "Good boy. You're a good boy." He felt the old man patting his head. "I didn't mean for you to stay, boy. I'm sorry, boy, I just forgot to tell you to go. You're a good boy."

The next day was Friday and after the old man gave Cholly the $2:50 cents which was his week's wages, he handed him an extra two dollars. Cholly was as happy as a puppy and frolicked all the way home, just running between the trees for the fun of it until he came to a fire hydrant, and he stopped to stare at it for a long time. Finally he put his two hands at the top, lifted his hind leg, and after he had unbuttoned his fly, began to pee, and all the time laughing. He scratched at the earth with his feet, then ran all the way home to toss the four dollars into the air and watch them flutter to the floor, as he quickly signaled to his mother with excited fingers, "First pay. Period."

And they both sat down and smiled gently in the vast silence that surrounded them.

Early American Portrait

By MARIAN PARRY

Behold with just solemnity
The fern of iron filigree,
The mourner and the mourning-tree.

Let elocution truly vaunt
A subject who, unmoved and gaunt,
Displays how she's betrayed by want.

No sound has moved, no eye has mocked
The mirror in a mirror locked.
No wind has turned, no leaf has rocked.

The painter, stitched into his square,
In single file accounts each hair,
And proves exact ten beads with care;

Her painful hair, in iron rolls,
Her bolted waist, her breasts in scrolls,
And the stuffed air between the knolls.

No grace but Grace! She sits as stale
And serious as bone, and pale
As is the God who paints this tale.

We all are dead! We are not free.
Reproachful loss (to thee and me),
The mourner and the mourning-tree.

MARIAN PARRY, who won the Emily Chamberlain Cook poetry prize at the University of California, now lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts and does light illustrations.

The Unlion

By MARIAN PARRY

The Unlion
Lives in the rocks
Except when it
Inhabits ancient docks.

It warps and weaves
A meowisch woof
Which serves to decorate
Its roof.

It eats all colors
Stewed in jet
And also seaweed
Vinaigrette.

It bows quite well
With graceful pride.
Its manners are
Too cut and dried.

Its comments are
But too extraneous.
Its kindness never
Seems spontaneous.

And yet it has
A heart of gold
Which is unfor-
Tunately cold.

Its taste is also
Exquisite;
In fact it always
Boasts of it.

Ancient Poet in a Print

By CHARLES BLACK

These windows that were nearly covered in summer
With vines of a green hinting at blue
(Something listened in the dark behind the screen
To summer insects and the clomp of large animals
Breaking the brush, striking against low branches)
Are tufted with snow, steamed with the heat of the house.

He is thin in the tradition, he wears a cap
Maybe to protect a bald head, the rest of him
In a skimpy cloth coat. It's so cold you imagine him
Shivering, and pity the carelessness of age
(Not remembering that he always was careless).

You cannot see his eyes, for his face is turned
Toward the forest, listening. If you could see them
You would not pity him. He has seen enough snow
To feel himself one of the trees in the forest
That has been everywhere and done everything. His eyes
Grow in his face like knots, in the wood of his body
Is another tree, listening for the steps of the hare.

CHARLES BLACK, a teacher in New Haven, Connecticut, has published poems in the past two years in a long list of little magazines which he likens to a Homeric Catalog of Ships (*Epoch, Perspective, Approach, Literary Review, Folio,* to name a few).

FEPC in the States: A Progress Report

By JAMES RORTY

■ The morning after Franklin D. Roosevelt, yielding to the combined promptings of his conscience and the imminent threat of a Negro March on Washington, signed the Executive Order that renewed the flickering life of the wartime Fair Employment Practices Committee, a child was born in a Washington hospital to the wife of a colored locomotive fireman.

"It's a boy," proclaimed the happy mother. "What'll we call him?"

"Call him FEPC," replied the fireman, who had helped to organize the threatened march. "It'll remind him of how come he gets to eat."

That was in February of 1944 and the child—on second thought, of course, they decided to call him Frank—will soon enter the labor market. If he likes, he can work on the railroads without risk of being shot off the trains. He can even join the once lily-white Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. Or perhaps, because of the wider employment opportunities now open to Negroes, he will get vocational training or go to college.

In thirteen states and two score cities which have passed FEPC laws and ordinances, Frank now has a legal claim to first-class economic citizenship when he applies for a job; in some of them he is also protected against discrimination when he buys a house, rents a room in a hotel, or patronizes a public golf course or swimming pool.

The thirteen FEPC states, in which live 61 million people, or

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JAMES RORTY has written and published widely on topics of social welfare problems and legislation. His last appearance on our pages was with "The Harassed Pocket-Book Publishers" (Winter 1955-56).

more than 36 per cent of the population of the United States, are New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Mexico, Oregon, Rhode Island, Washington, Colorado, Michigan, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania. The last three did not enact FEPC legislation until 1955, a decade after the pioneer acts passed by New York, New Jersey, and Wisconsin.

Enforceable anti-discrimination laws are still lacking in such major industrial states as Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and California. Despite the steady increase of their nonwhite working and voting populations, FEPC bills have failed repeatedly to get through the legislatures of these states, the usual experience being that the bill is passed by the assembly and blocked in the senate. Even in the states that have had FEPC laws on the statute books for over a decade, the economic and political forces opposing FEPC's further extension are still strong.

In New York, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, the FEPC laws are administered by paid commissions appointed by the governors. In the other states the administrative agency is a division of another state department such as education or labor. All thirteen states are concerned with discrimination on grounds of race, creed, color, or national origin; several add "ancestry." Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island cover discrimination based on age—the last-named state by a separate law administered by the department of labor. The New Jersey law covers discrimination based on "liability for service in the armed forces of the United States," and Oregon includes discrimination based on sex.

Most of the states do not cover domestic workers, the employees of immediate family members, nongovernmental nonprofit employers other than labor organizations, and workers in small establishments, the minimum required for coverage varying from four in Rhode Island to twelve in Pennsylvania. Nine states cover public accommodations, eight cover public and/or publicly assisted housing, and six admission to educational institutions.

At a conference of Governors of Civil Rights States held in New York City on December 12, 1957, the thirteen FEPC states reported spending 1957 budgets totalling only $1,356,818, of which New York state accounted for almost half. In all the FEPC states the administering officers emphasize the educational approach to

enforcement, with public hearings and legal prosecution rarely resorted to. On the whole, the state governors considered their respective laws to be effective, despite built-in limitations of coverage and procedure which they wanted removed. All reported impressive evidence that discriminatory barriers had been broken, resulting in broadened opportunities and a new sense of confidence and optimism for the minorities affected, as well as real and substantial changes in the climate of public opinion.

In addition to the thirteen states that have enforceable civil rights laws, there are two, Indiana and Kansas, which have passed toothless enactments that require employers, labor unions, and landlords to abstain "voluntarily" from discriminatory practices. All experience suggests that such legislation accomplishes very little. "Here in Indiana," writes the Indiana Commissioner in his 1956 annual report, "the voluntary approach has not measured up to success, primarily because the law lacks enforcement provisions. Employers and unions both have conveniently avoided compliance and in general evaded the laws. The General Assembly in other states, after considering the impotency of the voluntary approach have amended their laws to include the sanction of enforcement." Because Indiana's FEPC law lacks teeth, it is estimated that from two thousand to six thousand of the state's high school and college graduates must seek employment outside the state.

The thirteen state agencies that have had effective enforcement powers for at least a year have carried an aggregate annual case load of some 2,003 formal complaints. On a population basis, this represents a little over three and a half complaints per 100,000 in the population. The figures range from .89 for Minnesota, which delegates some of its anti-discrimination work to municipal commissions in the state, to 9.86 in Connecticut. The variation is due, to some extent, to the varying scope of the agencies' responsibilities. Some, like Minnesota, deal only with employment, while others, like Connecticut, have broad powers over a number of areas.

In most states the case load has steadily increased, not, in all probability, because discrimination has been increasing, but because more and more members of minority groups are becoming aware of their legal rights and of the ability of the state commissions to enforce them. An exception is Rhode Island, which spends more per

capita than any other state, but has a Negro population of less than 14,000 (1.75 per cent of the total) as against New York with close to a million Negroes (6.19 per cent of the total). The complaint case load of the Rhode Island Commission declined significantly in 1957, and this may signify an actual reduction in the amount of discrimination practiced in employment; not, however, in the field of housing, which remains the key area of race discrimination everywhere.

Most of the states with enforceable anti-discrimination statutes have been operating on shoestring budgets, more or less stretched in some cases by the voluntary labors of unpaid commissioners. Among the agencies dealing only with employment, the range is from 1.84 cents per capita of the population in Michigan to .25 cents in New Mexico. Among the agencies that have had comprehensive powers for at least a year, the range is from 4.53 cents in Rhode Island to 1.81 in Massachusetts. Wisconsin entrusts the enforcement of its anti-discrimination law to a division of the State Industrial Commission, which operates on the lowest per capita budget of any of the FEPC states—.0044 cents per capita. Yet the 1956 report of the division declares: "In Wisconsin it is today more the exception than the rule for an organization in its hiring processes to inquire of a job applicant his religious or nationality background. Today more and more organizations in the Wisconsin community are beginning to evaluate the Negro job applicant solely on the basis of merit."

Washington, which passed an FEPC law in 1949 and in 1955 stiffened its enforcement provisions, gave its commission a budget of only .0149 per capita in 1956—less than a third as much as the commission had asked for and needed. Nonetheless, the commission reported that "integration has taken place with surprisingly few incidents."

In Massachusetts, which spends only a little more per capita than Washington, although it has over five times as many Negroes in proportion to its population, the Commission Against Discrimination has been given jurisdiction, since 1956, in employment, education, places of public accommodation, and public housing. In addition, a recent amendment to the Massachusetts law prohibits discrimination in employment on account of age. The commission has received few complaints of discrimination on this ground, but

reports that the passage of the age amendment "has resulted in changing the whole tone of classified advertising."

While the passage of enforceable FEPC legislation in eleven northern states can scarcely be considered an adequate substitute for the failure to pass a national anti-discrimination law, the co-operation of the state commissions has in some degree made up for this lack. For example, the color barrier on the northern railroads was broken three years ago as a result of an investigation conducted jointly by the New York and New Jersey commissions. In June of this year a National Conference of Commissions Against Discrimination met in Denver, Colorado with the object of strengthening and extending this co-operation. Already, a good deal of educational material is syndicated, much of it originating with the relatively large and well-supported New York Commission.

Because so many intangible factors are involved, it is difficult to appraise the effects of the state FEPC legislation as a whole. But it is obvious that on the basis of this experience the old question—once so hotly debated—"Is it possible to legislate tolerance?" must be answered affirmatively, although with certain necessary qualifications. FEPC's success where enforceable laws have been passed shows, not that it is possible to legislate opinions and attitudes, but that it is possible to legislate economic and social *rights* and to outlaw the economic and social behavior by which intolerance is expressed and implemented. It shows, too, that when this is done, there also results a substantial amelioration of the subjective aspects of racial and religious intolerance.

As the pioneer FEPC state, New York has spent more, and on the whole covered larger areas of discrimination, than any other state; indeed, it has had to, because of the increasing scale and complexity of the problems with which the New York State Commission on Discrimination (SCAD) is confronted. Today there are nearly a million more Negroes in the Empire State than there were on July 1, 1945 when the law against discrimination became effective. The state's Negro population has been growing eight times as fast as the white population, while during the same twelve-year period another half-million Puerto Ricans and other Spanish-speaking immigrants have arrived on the scene.

How well has SCAD worked? Statistics furnish part of the

answer. In 1956 SCAD handled 562 verified complaints, almost double the number filed three years previously; during the first six months of 1957 it handled almost as many complaints as during any previous full year since 1952. In part, this increase is attributable to the swelling influx of nonwhite minorities; in part it testifies to their increasing awareness of their legal rights and to the commission's success in enforcing them. In part, also, it is due to the progressive amendment of the law which has enlarged both the scope and the arduousness of SCAD's responsibilities. In 1952 the commission was given jurisdiction in cases of discrimination by places of public accommodation. As of July 1, 1956 FHA and VA-insured housing was brought within the scope of the law. However, SCAD's operations in these new administrative areas account for only a relatively small part of its increased workload; most of it is due simply to the fact that more and more members of minority groups are learning about the agency and using its services.

Under the law, the commission cannot initiate action against a given employer in the absence of a verified complaint—a limitation which the commission considers unduly restrictive and which does not apply in most of the other FEPC states. SCAD must therefore wait until a verified complaint is filed before it moves to break one of the strategic industrial and business bottlenecks that block or limit the employment of nonwhite manpower. The national airlines, whose New York operations bring them within SCAD's jurisdiction, have long constituted such a strategic bottleneck. It was broken on December 23, 1957, a day almost as memorable in the history of American race relations as the day Jackie Robinson went on the field for the Brooklyn Dodgers. On that day, passengers boarding the plane for Buffalo on the Mohawk Airlines were greeted by Miss Ruth Carol Taylor, the first Negro airline stewardess in the history of commercial aviation in the United States. Besides being pretty and charming, Miss Taylor is a graduate nurse and so manifestly qualified for the job that TWA, against which she had filed a complaint when her application was rejected, would probably have had to employ her if Mohawk hadn't.

In addition to TWA, the commission has pressed complaints of discrimination against five other airlines, all of them included in the group of eighteen serving New York State who last year signed

a joint stipulation with the commission. Such stipulations are voluntary, hence cannot be enforced by SCAD except against lines concerning which verified complaints have been filed; under it, the airlines agreed to consider qualified Negro applicants for all positions, including flight personnel.

SCAD has handled 32 verified complaints against the airlines, some of them dating back to 1946. Twenty-four of these complaints, involving Negroes and Puerto Ricans, alleged discrimination because of color; six complaints were filed by Jews, and one by a Catholic. As a routine procedure, SCAD conducts periodic reviews of adjusted cases, to observe the trend of employment by the companies involved. A decade of pressure on the airlines has brought about a steady improvement of employment policies, evidenced by the employment of colored clerical workers, reservation clerks, and ground crew mechanics. Now with the employment of Negro flight hostesses by Mohawk and TWA and a Negro pilot recently hired by New York Airways, this improvement is visible at last in the air. Further improvement is expected to follow rapidly.

Banking, communications, and insurance are also strategic, both because in these industries discrimination has a high degree of public visibility and because they provide large numbers of white collar jobs from which nonwhites, and to some extent Jews, have been traditionally excluded. Since 1945 SCAD has handled a total of 38 verified complaints against 24 banks and trust companies and has conducted six investigations of the banking industry. Periodic reviews of the adjusted cases have shown that more than half of the banks involved were employing Negroes in steadily increasing numbers. For example, in 1947 the Corn Exchange, with seventy-four branch offices, employed only twenty-four Negro clerical workers, twenty of these being in the Harlem Branch. By 1956 over 300 Negroes were employed by this bank as IBM operators, tellers, bookkeepers, stenographers, and branch managers, half of the latter in branches outside of Negro areas; in addition there were another 75 Negroes employed as guards and messengers. During the same period, the number of Jewish employees increased from fifteen to fifty.

During the 1945-56 decade SCAD handled 61 verified complaints against 45 insurance companies or agents. Two-thirds of

these companies were found to have some discriminatory policy or practice which was adjusted after conference or conciliation. In 1947 one of the largest of these companies, with 14,000 workers in its New York City office and over 3,000 agents in New York state, employed only one Negro, a personnel officer. Two years later he was still the only Negro man employed by the company, although meanwhile nearly 400 Negro girls had been hired for clerical positions. A year later some of the supervisors were found to be Negroes and in 1953 a few Negro men were employed in clerical positions. But there were still no Negro elevator operators or porters, and in the field no Negro agents, although this company writes about one-sixth of all the life insurance sold to Negroes in this country. Not until 1957 did two Negro agents appear on the payroll, not in New York but in Chicago, where both promptly proceeded to write about twice as much insurance as the average white agent.

In the communications industry, where few Negroes were formerly employed even as messengers, recent progress has been substantial. Last year Western Union reported the employment of 100 Negro teletype operators, two managers, and five assistant managers. American Cable and Radio Corporation admitted 60 per cent of all Negro applicants to apprenticeship training in technical skills. Similar progress is reported by the New York Telephone Company and by the radio and television networks.

SCAD is now the administrative agency for antidiscrimination laws that cover 5,300,000 jobs. When the chips are down, the commission can invoke the sanctions of the law and hold public hearings before three commissioners—*not* including the commissioner who investigated the complaint. At last resort SCAD may try to obtain a contempt of court order against a persistently discriminating employer. But this rarely happens. Since 1945 the commission has received 4500 complaints and in about a fourth of these the investigating commissioner has found probable cause to credit the allegations in the complaints. But in the entire history of the commission only a handful of cases have gone to public hearings or to trial. Practically all of SCAD's successes have been won by its patient utilization of the techniques of research, investigation, conciliation, and public education—helped, of course, by the fact that until the fall of 1957 the commission was working in a tight labor market,

with shortages in many of the skilled trades from which Negroes had been previously excluded.

Some of the most resistant outposts of discrimination have been manned by a few lily-white craft unions. Recently, however, SCAD has made important progress on that front. The Railroad Brotherhoods were brought into line in 1953 when, after years of pressure by SCAD and the New Jersey Commission Against Discrimination and litigation by the Brotherhood of Colored Locomotive Firemen, a joint agreement was entered into by the Big Four Brotherhoods with the managements of the Pennsylvania, New York Central, and New York, New Haven and Hartford railroads. This agreement provided that neither the unions or management would offer any resistance to the employment of Negroes in any category of employment. Shortly after the signing of this agreement, the Pennsylvania hired, for the first time, a Negro brakeman who was duly elected a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. Within a year over a hundred Negro brakemen were hired by the Pennsylvania and other roads; some of these were later promoted to yard conductors. Two years later, when the trainmen's brotherhood joined the AFL-CIO, it reported that it already had 2,000 Negro members and was preparing to eliminate from its constitution the clause banning Negro membership. In December of 1956 SCAD obtained an agreement by eighteen major railroads operating in New York and New Jersey to support the objectives of the antidiscrimination laws in these states.

Last year the state AFL-CIO appointed a Labor Advisory Committee, consisting of 41 key trade union officials, which it instructed to see that all affiliated locals observe the official AFL-CIO declarations on civil rights. On the industry side, the New York State Commerce and Industry Association, representing some 3,000 employers, has established a permanent committee to work with and advise SCAD.

SCAD has found that discrimination in industry rarely represents the conscious will or choice of either the employer or of the majority of his workers. It is usually just frozen habit, which dissolves soon enough when an intelligent decision is made at the top—preferably by top union leadership as well as top management. Last December, addressing a conference of California employers spon-

sored by the University of California's Institute of Industrial Relations, Elmer Carter, one of SCAD's five commissioners since the establishment of the agency, declared:

> The dire and forbidding prophecies of the consequences of the enactment [of the New York State law against discrimination] have not been realized. New York has not witnessed any hegira of industries because of the law. The law has not provoked racial strife in shop, factory, banking, or financial institution, engineering firm, or public utility because of the introduction of Negro personnel. The freely predicted resentment of white employees, if it existed . . . has never found expression in any significant manner.

Today, as a result of the pressure brought by the commission and by trade unions that have adopted antidiscrimination policies, one sees Negro and Puerto Rican salesgirls behind the counters of most New York stores, except for a few of the high-style specialty shops. In 1955, out of some 16,000 workers placed by the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, over a third were either Negroes or Puerto Ricans.

Without waiting for verified complaints against individual employers, SCAD can and does conduct regional and industry-wide investigations, initiate research projects, and publicize its findings. Such investigations are frequently aided by the collaborating Community Councils which the agency has established in major industrial centers including New York City, Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, Broome County, Syracuse, Troy, and Westchester County. Last year SCAD utilized these councils to survey the employment patterns of department stores in Westchester County, to analyse the Crystal Beach Memorial Day disorders in Buffalo, and to study the impact of the New York state law on the personnel policies of key employers in the Troy area. The agency also receives much help in the filing of complaints and the recruitment of personnel from the voluntary agencies, including the National Urban League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Jewish Committee, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

Of the 4,685 complaints received by SCAD since its inception in 1945, 567, or about 12 per cent, have alleged discrimination because of the Jewish creed. Although the number of complaints filed

by Jews has increased, the proportion of complaints in which the allegations were sustained has declined—from 19 per cent during 1945-49 to 10 per cent during 1955-57. In over half of the cases that were not sustained, however, the commission has found and adjusted other discriminatory practices by the companies and firms involved. Four-fifths of the complaints alleging discrimination against Jews involved employment, although complaints against employment agencies, which were formerly among the chief offenders, have declined sharply in recent years.

Since July 1, 1952, when the commission was given jurisdiction over cases involving public accommodations, it has received 156 complaints alleging discrimination against Jews by resort hotels, hotel representatives, and travel agencies. One of the most widely practiced forms of discrimination is the use, in the advertising literature distributed by travel agencies, of words and phrases which indicate that Jewish patronage is not wanted. A complaint against a New York travel agency brought by two Jewish organizations was closed only after the agency had agreed to remove from a leaflet advertising the Coronado Hotel the phrase, "conveniently located near Catholic and other Christian churches."

Under the Metcalf-Baker law and its successive amendments, SCAD now has jurisdiction over about 1150 housing developments, containing some 250,000 dwelling units. This includes all housing which has received financial aid from the Federal Housing Administration and the Veteran's Administration. Last year SCAD's hand was strengthened when the Housing and Home Finance Agency provided for penalties against builders who violate the commission's orders in connection with FHA and VA-aided housing. Even with this extended jurisdiction, however, SCAD has control over only about five per cent of the 4,000,000 existing dwelling units in New York state. And in housing, unlike the tight labor market that has prevailed during most of SCAD's history, the commission is operating in an economy of scarcity in which racial and religious minorities are at a hopeless disadvantage. What is needed, more than new laws, is more new houses, coupled with a large-scale educational campaign designed to bring about public acceptance of integration in *all* housing, private as well as public.

To date the commission has processed some 40 housing com-

plaints which are under investigation or in process of conciliation. Both in the New York metropolitan area and upstate, SCAD has lowered the racial barrier at critical points. In the Bronx, Queens, Manhattan, and Westchester, most owners of FHA and VA-aided housing have been persuaded to accept Negro tenants in what were intended as all-white projects. In the Buffalo area, leading builders have voluntarily accepted Negroes in all-white projects in which the price of the houses is around $14,000. In other cases, homes have been resold to Negro families without trouble. In Rome and other upstate suburban developments, white and Negro families are living side by side. Negroes are being accepted in FHA projects in Plattsburgh, Saratoga Springs, and in Nassau County.

The type of resistance which SCAD encounters in administering the Metcalf-Baker law is well illustrated by the test case of *Shervington* vs. *Rochelle Arms*, in which SCAD participated and in which the State Supreme Court ruled for the complainant. Last fall Norris G. Shervington, a New York accountant, invoked SCAD's aid, after vainly trying for over a year to rent an apartment in the exclusive New Rochelle Arms in New Rochelle. The landlord's rejection of his application was supported by a group of white tenants. They feared "racial mixing" and consequent loss of their social status, although Mr. Shervington, whose economic and cultural status is similar to that of the white tenants, had pointed out that he didn't especially want to mix with them socially any more than they customarily mix with each other, which is rather little. All he wanted was decent living quarters for his family.

What is likely to happen as a result of the Supreme Court's ruling, unless it is reversed on appeal, is that the private owners of rental housing will learn the folly of their fears. Judging from all past experience, large numbers of white tenants will not move out when Mr. Shervington moves in, nor will he be followed by large numbers of other Negro tenants. Even if all the owners of middle class rental housing developments in Westchester County are obliged to abandon their discriminatory policies, the likelihood of a Negro inundation is remote, to say the least, for the simple reason that the number of colored tenants able to pay for such accommodations is small.

SCAD's experience has demonstrated nothing so clearly as that

the problem of discrimination is an indivisible aspect of the total national economy and culture. Discrimination in housing is inseparably linked, not only with discrimination in employment and education—South and North—but also with the low income status and relative immobility of the nonwhite minorities; it is also linked with trade union policy and control, with local, state and national politics, and, of course, with our international responsibilities as leader of the free world.

Unquestionably the minorities have made substantial gains during the postwar decade, most of them attributable directly or indirectly to the passage of state and local civil rights laws and ordinances. But the gap between first- and second-class citizenship remains wide, especially in housing and in access to supervisory and managerial employment and promotion; there prejudice is compounded by the cumulative effects of economic and educational underprivilege which will take more than one generation to overcome.

"What is required," writes Charles Abrams, chairman of the commission, "is a tri-lateral approach involving the active encouragement of training and education, the development of a pool of qualified applicants, acceptance of fair housing practices by the whole community of industry and labor, and equal access to housing."

What is also required, of course, is the resumption, without too much faltering delay, of the national economic expansion without which FEPC's progress during the postwar decade would have been impossible. Always, in a depression, minority workers are the first to be fired, minority children are the first to be obliged to leave school, minority householders the first to lose their homes. Knowing this, civil rights administrators in New York and other FEPC states expect that any prolonged slowing of the nation's economic pulse will be followed inevitably by a sharp rise in the number of complaints reaching their desks and a stiffened resistance to the enforcement of the FEPC laws. For the minorities, at least, it might almost be said that eternal prosperity is the price of freedom and of first-class citizenship.

Through the Looking Glass

By EDA LOU WALTON

"Let mirrors be,"
You said,
And now I do;
For having long foreshadowed
What in time comes true,
I search no image
And no metaphor.

For as we came
The way we went
Quick silver clouded
Wattled and rent;
We who resembled
Can no more compare
Gosling and gander
Tortoise and hare.
Even the ubiquitous
Chesire and grin
Vanished when through a crack
Crept Grimalkin.

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Party and Faction: The Principles of Politics vs. The Politics of Principle

By FLOYD W. MATSON

■ Every student of politics is today familiar with the strictures against American parties uttered, more in sorrow than in anger, by Lord Bryce toward the end of the last century.

> What are their principles [he wrote], their distinctive tenets, their tendencies? . . .
>
> This is what a European is always asking of intelligent Republicans and intelligent Democrats. He is always asking because he never gets an answer. . . . Distinctive tenets and policies, points of political doctrine and points of political practice, have all but vanished. . . . All has been lost, except office or the hope of it. . . .
>
> . . . The American parties now continue to exist, because they have existed.

Three-quarters of a century later, Europeans are still to be heard asking Bryce's questions, and complaining that they never get an answer. Thus a decade ago the late Harold Laski, in his last word on the United States (*The American Democracy*), gave vent to a despairing blast against our party system and a consciously futile appeal for the establishment of a national labor party on the English model. Not a few Americans as well, following a session in the Senate gallery or a season of political campaigning, confess to a similar inability to identify any logical or moral purpose in the

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charade of party—and feel themselves succumbing to an equal disenchantment and despair of sensible solution.

There may, however, be occasions when disillusionment (which means, after all, only the shedding of illusions) can provide the "shock of recognition" which often represents the first step toward a more mature and realistic set of values. At any rate it is the object of the present essay to argue that the present two-party system in America, precisely by virtue of its lack of "distinctive tenets and particular principles," is one of the primary bulwarks of the liberal-democratic tradition: one which is peculiarly if not ideally suited to the American character, firm enough to withstand the onslaughts of fanaticism and dogma but flexible enough to permit the accommodation of widely divergent creeds and bitterly competing interests.

There is, of course, no particular novelty in this proposition. It is at least as old as Philip C. Friese, whose *Essay on Party* appeared just over a century ago, and perhaps (as I shall maintain) as old as James Madison. But if the thesis bears a familiar name and an honorable ancestry, it is also one which is easily forgotten and very commonly misunderstood. The antithetical position, as enunciated by Bryce, boasts a lineage still more impressive and a great deal more venerable. In order to suggest something of the stature and durability of the Brycean critique of the American party system, and as a preliminary to refuting it, it may be well to review a few of the highlights of its career.

It may be taken as established that, at least until the mid-eighteenth century, the concept of the political party was everywhere in bad repute. The typical attitude of the seventeenth century was that of the Marquis of Halifax, whose own remarkable realism and uncommon sense made him as aware as anyone in his age of the dangers of moralizing about politics (and gave a harsh inflection to his enduring sobriquet, "the Trimmer"). Yet even Halifax had nothing good to say about the institution of party, which his experience had taught him was invariably the agency of insurrection and intrigue. His view was subsequently given still greater currency by Bolingbroke, for reasons much more obviously partisan, in the development of his idea of the Patriot King, against whose chiasmatic virtue any opposition could only be that of a conspiratorial cabal or faction intent upon the overthrow of the state.

This identification of party with faction, and of the latter with the use of unscrupulous means to gain selfish ends ("Faction," says my dictionary in italics, "has no regard for the national interest"), has reverberated down to us through the famous pronouncements of the Founding Fathers and Uncles. Like George III before him, President Washington could conceive of party only as a weapon of sabotage and obstruction against the true interests of the nation. In his Farewell Address he gave eloquent expression to his abhorrence of any organized political opposition:

> I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State. . . . Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally. . . . It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foments occasionally riot and insurrection. . . . All combinations and associations under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberations of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle and of fatal tendency.

In a similar vein John Marshall held that there is nothing which more debases or pollutes the human mind than a political party. And no one drew the equation of party with faction more emphatically than Hamilton (e.g., "We are attempting by this Constitution to abolish factions and to unite all parties for the general welfare").

All this is well enough known. It reflects the fear of a governing oligarchy that party would become the agency of organized opposition to established authority; and, after 1789 at least, the concern that this opposition must embody the leveling and revolutionary prejudices of the masses. In short, it is the view—familiar to us today in somewhat different form—that party struggle must be class struggle, pitting each against the other the opposing social and economic interests of the community in a relentless struggle for power without regard on any hand for the common, or public, interest. The preceding sentence is in fact a fairly accurate paraphrase of the contention of Madison in the tenth paper of *The Federalist*—although the inference that Madison went on to make is something else again.

But it is to be noted, further, that these expressions of the factious character of parties represent the opinions of the "ins." It was not unnatural that Washington and Hamilton should view the government over which they presided as the embodiment of political virtue, against which any opposition or criticism could only be divisive and dangerously destructive. Nothing more dramatically conveys this image of the opposition as inherently subversive than the enforcement of the Alien and Sedition laws by Federalist judges at the turn of the century against Democratic-Republican politicians and publicists. (A century and a half later, there were to be indications that some adherents of the Eisenhower Administration shared the Hamiltonian conviction that parties should dissolve themselves and unite behind the Patriot President. And it is perhaps unnecessary to add that the time is yet to come when the opposition party may not profitably be labeled as "the party of treason.")

It is evident that the epithet "faction" was reserved by these official spokesmen for the party in opposition. In the perspective of the eighteenth century the government party, the "king's friends," was not so much a party as an unselfish and virtually spontaneous convocation of the "wisest and best" in support of the national leader. It cannot, of course, be expected that members of the opposition would wholly share this conception of their outcast role. They did not. Nevertheless it seems to be the case that until Burke rose in 1770 to express his thoughts on the "present discontents"—and incidentally to articulate the Whig theory of government—no adequate theoretical justification of the opposition party, and therefore of the two-party system, had yet been formulated; and accordingly that the view of Halifax and Bolingbroke was the one which generally prevailed both in Britain and America. Burke's argument, as Professor Sabine has pointed out, was "directed against the prejudice, especially favorable to the pretensions of a 'patriot king' like George III, that any combination for a political purpose within the nation is a faction, pursuing only unpatriotic partisan advantages." In response to this established view, Burke's simple and classic definition of a political party was as follows: "Party is a body of men united, for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed."

The profound effect which this definition has had upon sub-

sequent political thought is sufficiently illustrated by the attitude of Bryce, who assumed Burke's rule without question as the proper standard against which to measure the performance of American parties. The definition has had a more recent echo in the demand of some American political scientists for a "more responsible" and coherent two-party system, as well as in the chronically recurrent appeals for conversion of the major parties into "true" conservative and liberal vessels.

But what does the famous definition of Burke accomplish? In seeking to rescue the concept of party from its connotations of faction it asserts two things: first, that parties exist to promote the national interest, and second that their distinguishing characteristic is the possession of a particular and central principle. Although hard-boiled positivists may boggle at the first point, there would seem little reason to challenge a statement which requires only that every party must believe its particular aims to be consistent with what it takes to be the public interest. (We may disagree with the simple equation of interests of, for example, those who maintain that what is good for General Motors is good for the country; but even at this extreme their error, if it is one, is surely that of folly rather than of knavery.)

There is better reason, however, to challenge the second point of Burke's formula: i.e., that party members must be united "upon some particular principle." But we need not be detained by the question of whether the Republican and Democratic parties have lived up to this standard. Although it may be possible to argue with Bryce's negative verdict—as Dean Acheson and Arthur Larson have respectively sought to do—it is not advisable and it should not be necessary. If there is a case to be made for the American party system, it must be made within the stubborn facts as they were read by Bryce—and as they may still be read by him who runs, as well as by him who only stands and votes. On this point it would be difficult to improve upon the observation of Herbert Agar:

> The purpose—the important and healthy purpose of an American party is to be exactly what Lord Bryce describes, and by implication deplores. The party is intended to be an organization for "getting and keeping the patronage of government." Instead of seeking "principles," or "distinctive tenets," which can only divide a federal union, the party is intended to

> seek bargains between the regions, the classes, and the other interest groups. . . . The members may have nothing in common except a desire for office. Unless driven by a forceful President they tend to do as little as possible. They tend to provide some small favor for each noisy group, and to call that a policy. They tend to ignore any issue that rouses deep passion. *And by so doing they strengthen the Union.*

It is easier, admittedly, to state this apparent paradox than it is to prove it. But while the point may be far from self-evident, it is sufficient here to mark it for future reference and to return for a moment to the formula of Burke. The significant and ironic result of Burke's ringing defense of independent parties was that it furnished the basis for what was subsequently to become the standard attack upon them. Burke sought to vindicate parties of the charge that they are by nature divisive, unpatriotic, "factious"; he intended to show that they are on the contrary unitive in their tendency, patriotic in their disposition, and free from the grip of partisan or selfish purpose. But unfortunately, in this moment at least, he was not blessed with the customary British talent for understatement; he chose instead the rhetoric of overstatement. He did not say, as he might have, that the disparate interests collected in a major party are those which a representative government should properly take into account; nor that the "melting-pot" party possesses a peculiar virtue and distinctive value in the democratic process; nor yet that a party composed of variegated interests, however a thing of shreds and patches, is a very different animal and quite likely a less dangerous one than the single-purpose group actuated by one compelling creed (a point which was to be suggestively treated by Madison a few years later). Burke made none of these claims, but he went much farther than any of them in the opposite direction—so much farther that his "defense" of parties turns out, upon examination, to be a convincing prosecution of them. Far from rescuing party from the charge of faction, he was hammering home and sealing the indictment more effectively than had yet been done. For whatever the other associations that have clustered about the word, the central characteristic of a faction is surely its particularity of aim, its specialized purpose, its single-minded devotion to a specific cause —at the expense of any differing causes with which it may come in contact. What better definition of a faction could there be, then,

than this: ". . . a body of men united . . . upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed"?

It may be objected that the clause omitted from this quotation ("for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest") is in fact the heart of the matter and cannot be ignored without violating the entire meaning of the definition. The merit of this objection lies in the fact, of which no one today is unaware, that there may be some political groups within society whose concern is not with "promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest" but rather with conspiring to subvert that interest. In dealing with groups of this apparent character the question of intent and purpose, in terms of their acceptance or rejection of the basic constitutional framework of the nation, is clearly in point. (It should be recognized, however, that even in the most suspicious cases the presumption of innocence and therefore of good faith places the burden of proof on those who prefer the charge; nor is this merely a legalistic presumption which flouts common sense, when we observe that the American Communists, for example, have been embroiled since the Hungarian crisis in an internal battle in which the dissidents have exhibited something very like a spirit of independence if not a yearning for autonomy.)

But the central concern of American politics is not, it may be ventured, with those splinter groups which might turn out to be the instruments of a foreign power; the position of these is always peripheral, their foothold precarious, and their influence generally negative where it is not simply negligible. The critical challenges to democratic institutions which have arisen from the American party system have had other and different sources; and no light at all is shed upon these sources by asking whether the groups involved were motivated by a concept of the national interest. For these groups were not merely motivated by such a concept: they were consumed by it.

The classic example, of course, is the impasse of principle which divided the major parties (and with them the Union) after 1850, and rendered armed conflict ultimately "irrepressible." The story is too well known to need retelling here; what is pertinent is merely the recognition that by 1860 the parties had become completely polarized, that the ranks of each had closed around a single all-embracing principle, and that it was fervently believed by both sides

that on this particular principle there could be no compromise. Each party then, united on its "particular principle," was a perfect construction of the ideal type envisaged by Burke. Their failure (if it may be accepted that the failure was mutual) was not that each did not conceive its principle in constitutional terms; nor was it that they fell short of either one of Burke's requirements. Their failure was rather that they perfectly fulfilled these requirements. In the process of becoming Burkean parties they lost the resiliency and flexibility, the diversity and heterogeneity, the capacity for compromise and accommodation—in short, the absence of particular principle—which was and is their normal and healthy condition. In succumbing to the lure of a single all-embracing purpose, that is to say, they were converted into factions.

The spirit of faction is precisely this single-minded devotion to a particular principle or interest—it matters not how lofty or degraded, reactionary or forward-looking. Thus abolitionists, prohibitionists, vegetarians, grangers, greenbackers, free-silverites, manufacturers, consumers, corporation farmers, family farmers, klansmen, guildsmen, husbandmen—all bodies of men united on a particular principle in which all are agreed—are equally to be described as factions. Thus the "pressure groups," those voluntary associations organized for purposes of collective self-expression or self-aggrandizement, are clearly factions. Thus the minority parties in our history, with few exceptions, have been factions. And thus the major parties in 1860, the Federalist Party of 1800, the Democratic Party of 1896, were temporarily captured by the spirit of faction. But it is the singular achievement of our two-party system that, with rare exceptions, its major constituents have successfully resisted the corruption of faction by virtue of their natural inclination for composing, adjusting, and compromising—without ever leveling—the factious interests within each party. It is by this "selective filtration" of dangerous pressures through the party safety-valve that steam is let off and temperatures allowed to cool; or, to mix another image, it is on the anvil of party that the sharp edges of faction are blunted and the threat of serious injury to the body politic effectively reduced. Party constitutes one of the two principal arenas within our system (Congress is the other) in which the vital and continuous process of political compromise is carried on.

It could not be expected that, for all his sagacity, James Madison would foresee the peculiar line of development to be taken by the American party system—for which no provision whatsoever had been made in the Constitution. Yet nowhere in our modern literature is there a more trenchant description than in the tenth *Federalist* paper of the unique function which the parties were to assume of moderating and controlling faction: of the prohibition of any one interest from obtaining a majority and dominating all the rest; of the virtues of diversity and multiplicity for purposes of mutual check and balance. There can be no doubt, of course, that Madison shared the prevailing view of party as synonymous with faction—a view as valid as ever today with reference to the minor parties of our own system or the extreme parties in such a system as the French. "By a faction," he wrote, "I understand a majority or a minority of the whole, who are united and actuated by some common impulse of passion, or of interest, adverse to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interests of the community." There is little to distinguish this definition from the vilification of party by the "king's friends"; but there is much that is distinctive, and markedly original, in the remedy which Madison proposed.

To appreciate his originality it must be borne in mind that from the time of Plato onward most political thinkers had held it to be axiomatic that a good society depends upon the possession of the greatest possible homogeneity and consensus. Plato's rather good-humored attack upon democracy was primarily a criticism of its characteristics of diversity, heterogeneity, and individual liberty in all areas of life:

> First of all, they are free. Liberty and free speech are rife everywhere; anyone is allowed to do what he likes. . . . The result will be a greater variety of individuals than under any other constitution. . . . A democracy is so free that it contains a sample of every kind. . . . There is so much tolerance and superiority to petty considerations; such a contempt for all those fine principles we laid down in founding our commonwealth. . . . A democracy tramples all such notions under foot; with a magnificent indifference to the sort of life a man has led before he enters politics, it will promote to honour anyone who merely calls himself the people's friend. . . . These then, and such as these, are the features of a democracy, an agreeable form of anarchy with plenty of variety and an equality of a peculiar kind for equals and unequals alike.

Aristotle as well, for all his comparative tolerance of democracy and curiously modern appreciation of the virtuous middle class, was no less convinced than his master that only a small and homogeneous state (with a capacity of perhaps five thousand citizens) could support the kindred spirit and intimate sense of community required by any viable political system. Later theorists for the most part regarded these premises as beyond dispute; and by the middle of the eighteenth century there was no great novelty in the proposition of one of them that the general will of a people could find expression only in a state of the size and numbers of a small Swiss canton (and, accordingly, that the corruption of the community might be measured in fairly direct ratio to its physical proportions).

This tradition was well known to Madison. But he answered that "theoretic politicians" had been too carried away in their attachment to the direct democracy of the city-state, especially in the assumption that political equality would render men "perfectly equalized and assimilated in their possessions, their opinions, and their passions." The latent causes of faction lie rather in the very nature of man; they arise from the diversity of human faculties, and it is the protection of this diversity which is the first object of government. The causes of faction, then, cannot be destroyed without either destroying liberty or imposing a uniform ideology upon all citizens (which comes to the same thing). If the causes cannot be removed, then it is the effects of faction which must be dealt with—and the way to do this is not by suppression but by liberation. Faction must be allowed to flourish, in all its diversity and rivalry; what needs to be done is to devise means of composing and adjusting the rivalries. "The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of the government."

But who is there qualified to do the job of regulation and adjustment? Who speaks for the national interest? At this point Madison departed even further from the great tradition, which had placed the locus of sovereignty—the capacity of interpreting the general will—either with an enlightened despot or with an enlightened elite. Madison knew better: "It is vain to say that enlightened statesmen will be able to adjust these clashing interests, and render

them all subservient to the public good. Enlightened statesmen will not always be at the helm." The prospects of approximating the public good are, to be sure, much better in a representative government than in a direct democracy; but the opposite can as well occur: "Men of factious tempers, of local prejudices, or of sinister designs, may, by intrigue, by corruption, or by other means, first obtain the suffrages, and then betray the interests of the people." In short, even under representative government faction will still be with us. How then are we to guard against this evil?

The answer proposed is as simple as it is revolutionary: enlarge the scope of the Republic. Encourage—not compression, reduction, homogeneity—but a broad extent of territory, a large increase of population, and a wide diversity of interests.

> Extend the sphere, and you take in a greater variety of parties and interests; you make it less probable that a majority of the whole will have a common motive to invade the rights of other citizens. . . . Hence it clearly appears that the same advantage which a republic has over a democracy, in controlling the effects of faction, is enjoyed by a large over a small republic. Does [the advantage] consist in the greater security afforded by a greater variety of parties, against the event of any one party being able to outnumber and oppress the rest? In an equal degree does the increased variety of parties, comprised within the Union, increase this security? Does it, in fine, consist in the greater obstacles to the concert and accomplishment of the secret wishes of an unjust and interested minority? Here, again, the extent of the Union gives it the most palpable advantage.

What could be more accurately descriptive of the essential role and character of the two-party system than this account of the advantages of union? Without knowing or intending it—writing, indeed, from a base of clear hostility to party—Madison was anticipating, delineating, and recommending the institution of the two-party system. In effect he was outlining for the first time the American theory of party, and defining with remarkable prescience its crucial function in the governmental process.

Needless to say, it has not been the custom to read the most famous of the *Federalist* papers in this light. Students of Madison have been quick to note his criticism of the factious parties of his time, but have failed to observe how his remedy anticipated—if it did not demand as a necessary condition—the supra-factious parties of our time. Nor, on the other hand, has it been the practice to

criticize Burke's ideal of the party of principle, except perhaps as a counsel of perfection. What this essay has sought to argue is that the Burkean politics of principle, whether in the form applied by Lord Bryce or in that of the advocates of responsible party government, is not merely unrealistic in its assumptions but—for America at least—disastrous in its consequences.

It was, however, Burke himself who warned us, in a soberer context, of "the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians." And it was Burke, again, who refuted himself most conclusively in refuting the idealists of '89—with words all but indistinguishable from those of Madison:

> In your old states you possessed that variety of parts corresponding with the various descriptions of which your community was happily composed; you had all that combination, and all that opposition of interests, you had that action and counteraction, which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers, draws out the harmony of the universe. These opposed and conflicting interests, which you considered as so great a blemish in your old and in our present constitution, interpose a salutary check to all precipitate resolutions. They render deliberation a matter not of choice, but of necessity; they make all change a subject of compromise, which naturally begets moderation; they produce temperaments preventing the sore evil of harsh, crude, unqualified reformations; and rendering all the headlong exertions of arbitrary power, in the few or in the many, for ever impracticable.

Criticism and the Novel

Hardy, Hemingway, Crane, Woolf, Conrad

By NORMAN FRIEDMAN

■ During my reading of certain much-discussed novels—*The Mayor of Casterbridge*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, and *The Nigger of "The Narcissus"*—I had occasion to consult several of the current interpretations of these books. Fully expecting a routine job of corroboration, for these novels are so popular that I thought I understood them almost without reading them, I gradually became aware instead, as I returned to the texts themselves, of an uncomfortable sense of discrepancy. And the discrepancy was not between one critic and another, since they were in general remarkably consistent among themselves, but rather between what they said and what I thought I saw in these novels.

About *The Mayor*, for example, I learned that Henchard's downfall was supposed to have been a retribution for his early rashness in selling his wife and daughter, but I found in fact no such connection; about *A Farewell* I read that Lt. Henry's suffering at the end was supposed to have been caused either by his immorality or that of the war, but failed to find that the text supported such an interpretation; about *The Red Badge* I was told that Fleming's return to arms was supposed to have been caused by the purifying effects of Jim Conklin's death, but was at a loss to find such a connection in the book itself; about *Mrs. Dalloway* I was led to believe that Septimus' suicide was supposed to have

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brought about a new insight in Clarissa, but was puzzled to discover that this didn't happen in quite that way; and about *The Nigger*, finally, I was informed that Wait was supposed to have been the crew's secret sharer, but was surprised to see that their dilemma was really something rather different than this implied.

I should like, therefore, to explain my findings regarding this problem and to offer a solution, in the hope that these particular novels, as well as what we do when interpreting novels in general, may be re-examined.

The primary cause, I believe, for the discrepancy I noticed between text and interpretation is the failure of many critics today to take seriously, on a material level, the plot or literal action in a novel, and on a formal level, the various unifying principles which may shape in a novel this action and the way it is handled. There are many reasons for this failure: as when plot is taken for granted as being too obvious to trouble with, for example. Or when it is conceived in mere "whodunit" or "what-happens-next" terms, and is then dismissed as mechanical framework. Perhaps a more fundamental reason is the tendency today to read all literary works in terms of the Freudian distinction between the latent and manifest content of dreams, so that the literal action of a novel is regarded as its apparent or surface meaning, while its deeper or hidden pattern is regarded as its true meaning.[1] Thus the plot of a novel is nowadays seen as its paraphrasable content, and this means for anyone conversant with modern criticism that it has the unenviable status of prosaic or scientific structure as opposed to "irrelevant" or poetic texture. With the focus on texture, we are seeing novels in terms of imagery patterns, symbolic associations, and archetypal structures. In this way, *The Mayor* may be read as a Greek myth; *A Farewell* as a wasteland archetype; *The Red Badge* as a grail quest; *Mrs. Dalloway* as a scapegoat ritual; and *The Nigger* as an initiation ceremony.

But these readings reveal an important gap in our thinking about novels: we have no commonly-accepted body of terms, principles, and distinctions for grasping satisfactorily the literal action

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[1]I wish to thank my colleagues, Mr. Jack Davis and Dr. Charles A. McLaughlin, for useful suggestions here as well as elsewhere in this essay.

of a novel as it functions in the whole of which it is a palpable part. That it *is* a palpable part, not only in the works under discussion but also in many others as well, is argument enough for its importance even for those who avoid treating it, for it is also their common creed that a work must be interpreted in its total context. It is thus a contradiction to claim on the one hand to treat a novel organically and on the other to claim that its atcion is unimportant. That it can't be taken for granted, the body of this essay will show. That plot need not be narrowly conceived as mere framework will be argued forthwith. One may question, furthermore, the value of treating literary works as dreams, since, however much they may share in common, they are ultimately different by virtue of the large share which waking consciousness and deliberate effort play in the creation of literature as opposed to dreams. And it is exactly in the construction of actions that consciousness and effort come most fully into play when one writes a novel. Finally, it may be pointed out that even those who interpret novels symbolically must take literal actions as their starting point, for these are among the first things one becomes aware of as one reads.

Because it takes the literal surface of a novel for granted, or neglects it altogether on principle, symbolic criticism is therefore likely seriously to misread many a novel in which such a surface plays a part. I do not mean to suggest, however, that my argument will deny the use or interest of this approach, but merely that it should at least do more with plot than it does now, if only for the sake of limiting and checking its own findings. For the basic rule of all interpretation is that the best hypothesis is not only the one which fits the facts, but also the one which does so more completely, coherently, and directly than any alternative hypothesis. It is not difficult to find, since literary works are so various and complex, enough "facts" in any given work to support almost any interpretation, but it is difficult to find that interpretation which accounts for more of the facts than any other.

In what follows, therefore, I shall attempt to outline a hypothesis[2] for taking into account those aspects of a novel which current

[2]Much of my thinking derives from R. S. Crane's "The Concept of Plot and the Plot of *Tom Jones*," *Critics and Criticism* (Chicago, 1952), pp. 616-647. Behind both of us stands, of course, Aristotle's *Poetics*.

criticism bypasses. Let it be understood, however, not as a substitute for other methods but rather as a supplement. What is said about plot in a work of fiction in no way precludes what may be said about its other patterns; rather, it guides us to them and provides us with a principle in terms of which to discuss them more specifically than otherwise.

To consider plot, then, in terms of more than paraphrasable content or mere surface happenings, we may regard it as a system of incidents bound together by necessity and probability; bound, that is, so that one incident is the most likely or only possible consequence, under the circumstances, of the preceding incident (this does not mean that it should be predictable in advance—but arousing suspense is another question). A plot, so regarded, is a causal chain, and the causes of men's actions lie in their external situations (fortune), the conceptions which they entertain of and the attitudes which they assume toward these situations (thought), and their goals and purposes with respect to these situations (character). Such causes, needless to say, may produce effects which in turn may become causes, and these may be discussed in the same terms, for that is what is meant by a causal sequence being a chain. Thus, we look not merely for the sequence of incidents which comprises the surface of a plot, but also for the motivations underlying this sequence; and not merely for the motivational springs, but also for the complex synthesis of thought, character, and fortune as they interact to produce a certain sequence of incidents and not any other.

A whole and complete plot, moreover, will have a beginning, or that incident which is sufficient to set into motion a sequence of events, but which is not in itself—relative to the central action around which the plot is built—the effect of any preceding cause; a middle, or that which has both preceding causes and succeeding effects; and an end, or that which has preceding causes but no succeeding effects.

This is not to say, however, that every incident in a novel must act as a sufficient cause, nor even that every incident need act as a cause at all. Although the basic structure of an action is built upon a causal sequence, there are usually in a novel many incidents which, if they do not cause anything directly, serve the important function of providing the necessary conditions for bringing a suffi-

cient cause into play. Others may function simply as additional causes, helping to further a sequence already under way. Still other incidents may function neither as causes nor conditions but rather as clarifiers, intensifiers, amplifiers, and so on, of these causes and conditions. Nor is there any reason why one incident cannot function in several ways at once.

Actions may, in addition, be either static or dynamic, and if dynamic, either simple or complex. A static plot is an action in which, although there may be a temporal sequence of events, there is basically only one cause-and-effect link instead of a chain of such links. This sort of plot may establish a certain state of affairs and then unfold its causes, for example, or it may establish a set of causes and then unfold the state of affairs which will bring them into effect. Either way, there is a change not in the protagonist but rather in the reader's developing awareness of the situation. Thus, a dynamic plot is an action in which the protagonist is brought by successive stages from one state to another; a simple change is one which occurs without a reversal, and a complex change is one which involves at least one reversal. A reversal, finally, occurs when one causal sequence is interrupted and nullified by another and different sequence.

All of these concepts refer to plot in the material sense, as having to do with the elements out of which a novel is made. Plot in the formal sense includes in addition that principle by which these elements of the action—in combination with those of style, technique, manner, and so on (and it's here that questions of imagery patterns and the like come into play)—are bound together into a unified whole. Any human action represented imaginatively in fiction has a potential moving power over our emotions and, depending upon the nature of its action and how it is handled and supported (through symbolic devices, for example), a given novel may actualize this power either for the sake of arousing and allaying a unified and ultimately satisfying sequence of emotions in the reader, as in *Great Expectations*, for example, or for the sake of revealing and demonstrating a certain conception of life and affairs to the reader, as in Orwell's *1984*, for example. This distinction does not mean that the former principle results in shallow novels and the latter in important ones, for both may deal with serious

and profound experiential problems, but rather that ideas in the former play a different formal role—as parts rather than the whole —than they do in the latter—as the whole itself.

I need not go into the further ramifications of these distinctions any deeper at this point, although there is much more to be said, for enough has already been sketched out for the present purpose: first, of discussing what appears to be the current standard interpretation of each of these novels, in order of critical complexity; second, of attempting to show how each interpretation fails to explain certain important facets of its subject; and third, of suggesting how this failure may be remedied. As we shall see, there are three or four basic errors involved when a critic makes symbolic inferences without paying sufficient attention to the materials of plots: either a cause which does not exist is postulated for a certain effect, or a cause which does exist is seen as producing an effect with which it has no such connection, or the true cause of a given effect is ignored, or the nature of a cause-and-effect relationship which does exist is misconstrued. In consequence of these errors, the criticism of forms becomes muddled, so that parts are seen as wholes, wholes are seen as parts, and part-whole relationships are seen as signifying things other than what they actually do signify.

We turn now to our first novel.

I

The downfall of Michael Henchard, which takes definite shape from chapter XV of *The Mayor of Casterbridge* on, is commonly explained as a just retribution for his having sold, in chapter I, his wife and baby girl to a sailor in a furmity tent at a fair. According to this line of interpretation, Henchard is seen as having risen to high places only to be toppled by the remorseless return of the past. Thus, after eighteen years or more, his wife and "daughter" return (ch. III), the furmity woman returns (ch. XXVIII), and the sailor returns (chs. XLI and XLIII). Thus does his sin pursue and track him down, just as does that of Oedipus.[3]

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[3]Cf. J. W. Beach, *The Technique of Thomas Hardy* (Chicago, 1922), Ch. VI; A. J. Guerard, *Thomas Hardy: The Novels and Stories* (Cambridge, Mass., 1949), pp. 146-153; J. R. Baker, "Thematic Ambiguity in *The Mayor of*

But what of Lucetta, who, if she is from the past, is from a much more recent one? And what of Farfrae, who is entirely of the present, appearing for the first time on exactly the same evening as Susan and Elizabeth-Jane reappear? In terms of the above interpretation, they would be viewed as structurally subordinate, serving merely to reveal further the disastrous consequences of that ugly side of Henchard's character which first become manifest at the auction of his wife in a fit of drunken spite. And, in many ways, this seems to be the plot Hardy intended to write.

If, however, the actual sequence and scale of the incidents in *The Mayor* be outlined, the picture will actually seem quite different. The story as a whole may be seen as falling naturally into five sections:

1. Henchard sells wife and daughter to Newson at fair; repents too late (chs. I-II).
2. Eighteen years pass; he's a success; wife and "daughter" return (Farfrae enters), and he makes amends at last (chs. III-XIV).
3. He begins losing his reputation to Farfrae (Susan dies) (XV-XXII).
4. He loses Lucetta and business to Farfrae (furmity woman returns) (chs. XXIII-XL).
5. Lucetta has died, and he loses Elizabeth-Jane to Farfrae (Newson returns) and dies (chs. XLI-XLV).

One indeed expects, as he begins reading, that the dramatic opening section will entail consequences to be played out through the rest of the plot; but one begins to suspect, from the third section on,

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Casterbridge," *TCL*, I (1955), 13-16; and Julian Moynahan, "*The Mayor of Casterbridge* and the Old Testament's First Book of Samuel," *PMLA*, LXXI (1956), 118-130. Here and throughout, I do not mean to group my sources together pejoratively under one symbolic banner. Indeed, many of them agree in places with certain of my own findings; and even where they don't, they all show us much of value. What I have called the current standard interpretation is in fact a composite gleaned from several sources, with some coming individually closer to that composite than others. I have included them together, however, to give some small idea of the ways in which these novels are being interpreted.

that Farfrae and Lucetta usurp this role almost completely. In fact, from chapter XV to the end in chapter XLV (more than two-thirds of the whole), with the exception of the return of the furmity woman and of Newson, the opening section plays practically no causal role at all. Does not Henchard make honorable amends as early as chapters X to XIII—"He said nothing about the enclosure of five guineas. The amount was significant; it may tacitly have said to her that he bought her back again."—and yet does not his fortune continue to fall? Are there, in effect, two separate plots here joined only accidentally, in that they center on the same flaws in the character of the same man; and mechanically, in that one is intertwined with the other only temporally and arbitrarily?

Let us examine a bit more closely exactly what seem to be the structural connections among these five sections of the story as a whole. One and two are indeed joined causally: Henchard's ugly stubbornness causes him to sell his wife and child, and the more humane side of his character causes him to repent the next morning; failing to find them, he is driven by guilt to more temperate ways, channeling the force of his nature into socially useful outlets, so that he becomes rich and powerful; and, when his wife and "daughter" return, he takes them in with barely a qualm (his debt to Lucetta, which he also assumes quite conscientiously, is now necessarily a secondary responsibility).

The connection between two and three, however, is much more tenuous, for it is now his relationship to Farfrae, a completely new element, which begins his downfall, Farfrae having an even keener talent for business than Henchard without the latter's crudeness. This is an inevitable conflict springing from the contrast between the characters of the two men, and not from anything Henchard has done in the past. This conflict could have occurred without having been preceded by section one at all; Henchard has already begun to earn the displeasure of the townspeople through his selfish cutting of commercial corners even before Susan, Elizabeth-Jane, and Farfrae arrive. Indeed, as far as the past is concerned, it has in effect ceased to operate in any real way, and the most that can be said for it is that it has merely demonstrated the unhealthy ambivalence of Henchard's character which now brings him into unwanted conflict with Farfrae—a demonstration which could have

been dispensed with altogether, for the nature of his character is just as clear later as it was earlier. If this be so, then it may be concluded that Hardy did more than he needed in order to get that effect.

Similarly, as there is no causal connection between the Henchard and Susan and the Henchard and Farfrae elements in sections two and three, so there is none between the Henchard and Susan, and the Henchard and Farfrae and Lucetta elements in two, three, and four. Lucetta has already come to prefer Farfrae over Henchard in chapter XXIII—"Lucetta had come to Casterbridge to quicken Henchard's feelings with regard to her. She had quickened them, and now she was indifferent to the achievement."—and for the same reasons the townspeople did in section three, well before the revelation of the furmity woman in chapter XXVIII—"At bottom, then, Henchard was this. How terrible a contingency for a woman who should commit herself to his care." Her discovery of what he did in the past serves simply to crystallize her fear of the ugly side of his nature, and is therefore merely a contributing cause rather than the climactic revelation it seems to have been intended to be in Hardy's plan.

Nor does the truth about the wife-auction do much to bring about the culminating actions of the last section. The revelation of the past which causes Farfrae to lose interest in Lucetta and Lucetta to die, thereby leaving Farfrae free to marry Elizabeth-Jane, is of a different past altogether, having to do with the vague "intimacy" between Henchard and Lucetta in Jersey which occurred sometime after his selling of wife and daughter and before their return. The return of Newson, like that of the furmity woman, is simply a contributing cause, serving merely as a *coup de grace* to finish Henchard off and to make it easier for Elizabeth-Jane to leave him for Farfrae. The deplorable circumstances of Henchard's death are merely the cumulative result of all his misfortunes, caused by an ambivalence of character he has never been able to control or understand:

> He experienced not only the bitterness of a man who finds, on looking back upon an ambitious course, that what he sacrificed in sentiment was worth as much as what he gained in substance; but the superadded bitterness of seeing his very recantation nullified. He had been

> sorry for all this long ago; but his attempts to replace ambition by love had been as fully foiled as his ambition itself. . . . Part of his wish to wash his hands of life arose from his perception of its contrarious inconsistencies. . . .

In sum, then, Henchard's downfall around which the main body of the action turns, is brought about by his mixed moral character as a necessary condition, coupled with his conflict with Farfrae as the sufficient cause. He was already beginning to lose his high reputation when Susan, Elizabeth-Jane, and Farfrae arrived; the presence of his wife and "child" contribute nothing to this movement, while that of Farfrae, completely unconnected with the past, precipitates it. And it is this second line which continues to bring Henchard lower and lower throughout. Thus it is stretching the point beyond the evidence to interpret his downfall as a retribution for selling his wife and child. If this be so, then it is the Henchard and Farfrae and Lucetta story which constitutes the main action of this plot, and it is the Henchard and Susan and Elizabeth-Jane and furmity-woman and Newson story which is subordinate, if connected at all.

I think, however, that the usual interpretation, if wrong, is as much Hardy's fault as it is the modern critic's, for he has so overplotted his story that perhaps his original intention itself became smothered under what was to have been a secondary line of development. Nevertheless, if the modern critic were not so anxious to discover the tragic archetype of retribution in this book, it would not be so easy for him to find it there.

II

The pathetic misfortune which Frederick Henry suffers in losing Catherine through childbirth, at the end of *A Farewell to Arms*, is commonly interpreted as the result of one or the other of two causes, or some combination: he is seen either as the justly punished outlaw for having loved without benefit of clergy, or as the pitiful victim of the arbitrary and remorseless fortunes of war. Either way, what interests modern critics of this novel is, first, its portrait of a generation becoming lost in its conflict with a middle-class industrial society which it cannot accept, and second, the way

this portrait suggests the wasteland archetype in its symbolic use of rain and snow, mountain and plain, lake and river, wound and love, death in birth, and so on. Thus seen, this book is taken as making a profound artistic comment on the breakdown of values in the twentieth century: the impossibility of living and loving truly while following traditional sanctions, the consequent necessity for keeping one's guard up and taking only calculated risks, and the pathos which ensues when one of the brave is caught with his guard down.[4]

Now all of this may be true in a large and general way, but even the supporters of this interpretation have sometimes felt a sense of strain in trying to reconcile the two obviously discrete portions of the book, which their punning on its title serves to point up—the "arms" of battle and the "arms" of a woman. This is clearly, as any textbook survey will tell you, "a novel of love and war," but the relationship between the two has been taken to be largely associative and symbolic: war destroys lovers just as society destroys love, or something of the sort.

But let us see what a scrutiny of the actual events and their connections reveals. Hemingway has divided his story into five Books, and the central incidents of each may be outlined as follows:

I. Henry meets Catherine, goes into battle, and is wounded.
II. He is sent to a hospital, meets her there, and their love flowers.
III. His wound is better, he goes back to the war, is caught up in a retreat, and is forced to desert.
IV. He finds his way back to Catherine, who is bearing his child.
V. They escape to neutral territory where, after some months, she dies in childbirth.

Notice first of all the proportions devoted to each of the story's

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[4]Cf. J. W. Beach, *American Fiction 1920-1940* (New York, 1941), pp. 84 ff.; R. B. West, Jr. and R. W. Stallman, *The Art of Modern Fiction* (New York, 1949), pp. 622-634; Philip Young, *Ernest Hemingway* (New York, 1952), pp. 60-66; C. H. Baker, *Hemingway: the Writer as Artist* (Princeton, 1952), Ch. V; and H. K. Russell, "The Catharsis in *A Farewell to Arms*," *MFS*, I (1955), 25-30.

two "halves": only the last part of Book I (chs. IX-XIII) and most of Book III deal with the war directly, whereas the remaining three-and-a-half Books deal mainly with the love affair. This suggests that, perhaps because of Hemingway's skill in such writing, we might be overestimating the relative importance of war in the plot as a whole.

A further analysis of the causal connections among these Books bears out this suggestion rather clearly. Since the main culminating incident derives its force and meaning almost entirely from the relationship between the lovers, it would not be an unreasonable hypothesis to assume that the main action of the novel is organized around that relationship. We may ask first, then, what brought about this catastrophe? and secondly, what part does the war play in this sequence?

In the first place, I think it is clear that there is one sufficient cause of Catherine's death, and one only: biology ("You always feel trapped biologically"). That is, her hips were too narrow for a normal delivery—"The doctor said I was rather narrow in the hips and it's all for the best if we keep young Catherine small."—and by the time her doctor decided a caesarian was needed, the baby had strangled itself and she had developed an internal hemorrhage.

Their love for each other, and the fact that they chose to consummate their love physically, is naturally the necessary condition for this effect. But there is no reason whatever in these circumstances as such for so terrible an outcome; nothing prevented a normal delivery except Catherine's unfortunate anatomical characteristics. The same circumstances, given wider hips, could just as easily have ended in a successful delivery; and, by the same token, the same narrowness of hips could just as easily have produced the same catastrophe in the peaceful suburbs.

They could have been married fifty times over, as Henry himself reflects, and thus the theory that he suffers for daring to defy social mores will not bear up under the weight of evidence. Similarly, he could have suffered almost as much if his love had flowered in peacetime, and thus the theory that he is a victim of the war proves equally invalid. Indeed, if we speculate as to what Hemingway could have done had he wanted to do what these theories would have him do, we will see even more clearly the lack, which they

ignore, of those causal connections needed. Had Hemingway wanted to make Henry suffer for violating moral conventions, for example, he could have had Catherine's death stem directly from some mischance encountered while loving immorally—she could have contracted a venereal disease from Henry, for instance, or they could have been forced to make love under physical conditions unfavorable to normal conception, and so on. But there is absolutely no hint or implication of anything like this in the narration of the final chapters. Or again, had Hemingway wanted to make Henry suffer as a victim of the war, he could have had Catherine's death result from some contingency of battle, for which any number of gruesome possibilities suggest themselves—she could have been injured while rowing across to Switzerland, or while being caught up in the retreat, or because of having to give birth without medical attention, or under unsanitary conditions, and so on. But the fact is that she had, by and large, a quiet confinement and the best medical care and facilities available. (The possibility that it is the doctor's fault in not operating sooner presents itself, but is not supported by the text; and even if it were, would make very little sense.)

What, then, secondly, *is* the function of the war in relation to this main action? The answer may be discussed under two heads: its causal function, and its intensifying function. Causally, although the war is a sufficient condition of neither their love nor their suffering which is the outcome of this love, it does serve as a necessary condition of this love. Without it, they in all probability would never have met, and even if they had, Catherine would have still had her English fiancé. But the war, in simply bringing them together in a susceptible mood, would not in itself have thrown them in love. Indeed, Catherine met Rinaldi first without being attracted to him at all. The sufficient cause of the love between Henry and Catherine stems primarily from their respective characters and attitudes. The war, further, inflicts a wound upon Henry, which in turn allows him to see more of Catherine and thus to consummate their love; and again, by means of the retreat, the war allows him to return to her and thus to be in attendance when her time arrives. But in each case, its functional role is that of a necessary condition rather than that of a sufficient cause.

As an intensifier, in addition, the war functions to place their doomed love in an emotionally appropriate context. If losing his beloved causes Henry to suffer, how much more does he suffer when she represents all that he has to lose; for the war has placed him in a far country, has disillusioned him in traditional moral values, has wounded him, and has cut him off from his own forces (no one would argue, I think, that he is responsible for his desertion, even though he feels a decent amount of guilt). The war, simply by making it difficult for them to lead a normal life, places an appropriate cloud of doom over their heads and points up the fragility of all human relations. Every move is a gamble involving high stakes, and they are therefore more vulnerable; every decision entails more serious consequences, and thus every failure is more final. Hence the ultimate pathos is intensified.

If all this be so, then we must revise our "war-defeats-love" interpretation of this novel in favor of a "love-causes-sorrow" interpretation, and view the war as playing a strictly subordinate role causally and as serving otherwise mainly as an appropriate background against which the main action unfolds. In this view, Hemingway is not attacking the sterility of war or the breakdown of values, but is rather using them as materials by means of which to achieve his end more effectively, which is simply to draw pathos out of the painful and inevitable limitations under which all human hopes and desires labor. It could be said that his intensifying devices do get out of hand and exceed the needs of his effect, notably in Book III dealing with the famous retreat, but no one would wish them away, I think, except when they mislead critics with special systems to support.

III

Symbolic interpretations of *The Red Badge of Courage*, and of the remaining novels to be discussed below, are even more common than in our previous two instances. I am not, however, going to argue either for or against Henry Fleming's story as a grail quest in terms of which Jim Conklin plays (as his initials would indicate) the role of sacrificial god.[5] It is just that such an interpretation

[5]Cf. R. W. Stallman, *Stephen Crane: An Omnibus* (New York, 1952), pp. 175-224; and J. E. Hart, "*The Red Badge of Courage* as Myth and Symbol," *UKCR*, XIX (1953), pp. 249 ff.

usually depends upon taking Fleming's change as one of character brought about by the death of Conklin, and it is this latter literal reading which I want to question. Indeed, the title itself, in stressing military bravery, lends support to this reading. But the *possibility* of symbolic reading will not be lessened even if I am right.

Nevertheless, even those who argue symbolically have sensed that the literal connection between Conklin's death and Fleming's return to battle is somewhat remote, and have therefore constructed systems of image-recurrences to bridge the gap. The by now famous discussions of the red wafer analogy at the end of chapter IX are a case in point, and many other colors, objects, and mythic parallels have been schematized to make acceptable a theory of this novel which will have Fleming change ritually his character in the face of the dragon-gods of war, dying symbolically thereby to his selfish individuality in order to be reborn into the societal fellowship of men.

I want to suggest that, if connections of this nature exist, then they are the only ones supporting this change-in-character theory; and if they are, then they are not support of sufficient strength to justify it. It is my proposition that Fleming undergoes no change of character whatsoever, if by character we mean that which translates moral values into actions, and that the change which he does undergo (for he certainly does change!) is one of thought—that is, in his conceptions of himself in relation to war as an experience. "He was forced to admit that as far as war was concerned he knew nothing of himself," we read toward the end of chapter I; "He reluctantly admitted that he could not sit still and with a metal slate derive an answer. To gain it, he must have blaze, blood, and danger. . . . So he fretted for an opportunity," at the beginning of chapter II; and "at last his eyes seemed to open to some new ways," at the end of the book.

But let us, as is our custom, examine an outline of the plot as a whole, which in this case falls naturally into three sections:

I. Fleming's thoughts, feelings, and activities before battle (I-IV).

II. His first encounter with the enemy; bravery, cowardice, flight, and ambivalent spectatorship (V-XIII).

III. His second encounter; bravery, praise, and relief (XIV-XXIV).

We may now inquire into what are normally taken to be the causes of this action. These center around chapter IX with the death of Jim Conklin. Assuredly, Conklin's actions up to this point have been in marked contrast to those of Fleming, in that he has been calm, resourceful, and ready for whatever may come. (So, too, has Wilson been contrasted to Fleming, in being boastful, frightened, and then manly.) Now that he, Conklin, is fatally wounded, he bears himself up by force of pure will so that he may find a place to die where he won't be trampled on. Fleming, along with the Tattered Soldier (who is also wounded), witnesses Jim's agonized but unutterably noble search and death, and is moved, verbally at least, to rage.

But what are the consequences of this incident? A resolution on Fleming's part to find the enemy and seek revenge? No: he compounds his shame by guiltily deserting the barely living Tattered Soldier, who is himself badly in need of help, and sneaks away aimlessly. By chapter XIII he has received a bloody blow on the head from the rifle-butt of one of his own men, has been returned to his regiment by a friendly soldier, and is being sympathetically nursed by Wilson before turning in for the night. To be sure, on the next day he fights heroically, but the point to be made here is that not only has he not returned to his regiment by deliberate moral choice, but has also persisted in the convenient deception that he was wounded by the enemy in action. Nor does he ever (except in the movie version) reveal that he had run away from battle and that his wound is spurious. To say that Conklin's death has sown the seeds in him of heroic resolve, or has initiated him into manhood, is to exceed the evidence.

What, then, *are* the causes of his actions? The state of mind he was in, to begin with, before the battle-rumors started was a typically ambivalent one: he had on the one hand a romantic history-book notion of war as heroic and himself as future hero, and on the other an experience of the dull routine of military training. The battle-rumors precipitate the main line of the action, and the boy is thrown into doubt and confusion about his own courage now that he thinks it is about to be tested. Chapter II and part of III follow him as his regiment marches and countermarches around the battle-area—in this way his ambivalence and suspense

are intensified. And he cannot, search as he may, find anyone else who seems as worried as he is. Finally, one morning he is awakened by a kick in the leg and finds himself running toward the encounter before he knows what he is doing. And this lack of consciously purposeful behavior is typical of him during much of the plot: he is in a "battle sleep," he is "not conscious." Circumstances and the spur of the moment are the chief causes of Fleming's physical actions, and not moral character at all. The whole point of this story is that he is an especially sensitive, untried, and imaginative young boy learning what it is like, and, since such a protagonist in such a situation can hardly be held responsible for his reactions under more than unusual stress, his character plays very little part in giving this plot its quality and direction.

Thus, in chapter V and part of VI, he faces the enemy for the first time and never flinches, being in a sort of hypnotic trance as he fires and reloads his weapon blindly and automatically. When the first charge is repulsed, he collects his senses and congratulates himself. But then a second charge approaches, and he feels he cannot go through the same terrible experience twice. Seeing others flee, he panics and runs away. The import of this flight, and his subsequent wanderings around the edge of battle, is that he must see and experience for himself all phases of the war—even cowardice itself. The result is a gain in perspective, a coming into knowledge.

Thus, in chapters VII through XIII, Fleming assumes the role of witness, having lost by default his role as participant. And what does he see?—officers and men charging, retreating, hobbling with wounds, dying, and dead. Most importantly of all, he sees the fighting literally in a larger perspective by taking different vantage points and seeing thereby more of the whole than he did as a combatant, and he sees how small his part really is:

> Reflecting, he saw a sort of humor in the point of view of himself and his fellows during the late encounter. They had taken themselves and the enemy very seriously and had imagined that they were deciding the war. . . . New eyes were given to him. And the most startling thing was to learn suddenly that he was very insignificant. . . . He discovered that the distances, as compared with the brilliant measurings of his mind, were trivial and ridiculous.

Paradoxically, then, his cowardice causes a gain in insight. He comes

as a result of this experience to no new resolves, however, and is virtually led back to his regiment by someone else. The only direct effect Conklin's death has had upon him is to make him look for a safe place to swoon after he is hit on the head in chapter XII. Perhaps the main function of Conklin's death is to make Fleming realize how a man can die, especially one whom he cared for.

From chapter XIV to the end he redeems himself, but again he does so in a kind of dream, feeling an unreasoning and unpremeditated rage—wild exasperation would perhaps be a better phrase—at the approach of the enemy (chapter XVII). In chapter XVIII, during a lull in the battle, he and Wilson go for water and overhear a general call their regiment a pack of muledrivers. Once more he senses his own insignificance and thereby the pettiness of his personal hopes and fears. In chapter XIX and XX he distinguishes himself in action, and in XXI he no longer feels resentment at the taunts of the veterans as he withdraws with his regiment: he is satisfied to have done what he did, even if it was only a picayune encounter. In XXIII he fights once again, captures an enemy flag and takes prisoners. In XXIV his regiment is sent to the rear for a rest, and he finally knows himself and what he can do: that heroism is possible, and that he is capable of it, but that it is not quite on the grandiose scale in terms of which he had once imagined it. He knows also that the real sufferings of others are more intense than were his imaginary ones. "He found that he could look back upon the brass and bombast of his earlier gospels and see them truly." Thus his change occurs at the end when he emerges from battle rather than in chapter XVII when he returns to battle.

If the main action of this plot is, therefore, a change in thought brought about by a succession of experiences—equally as ambivalent participant, cowardly witness, and courageous participant—then the change-in-character theory will not bear up under close examination. To gain this knowledge, Fleming had to have "blaze, blood, and danger," and it is in the service of that end that Crane selected his incidents and organized their sequence. And there is nothing in these incidents or their sequence which expresses or implies, as far as the action covered by this plot is concerned, the formation and subsequent pursuit of decisions and choices. It is true that he is now a "man," but only in the sense that he has seen the war

and learned what he can do rather than in the sense that he has formed more noble resolves and strengthened his will in reaching for them. The essential change around which this plot turns, then, is from ignorance to knowledge rather than from cowardice to heroism. It is acting both as coward and hero that enables Fleming to know himself, and not achieving self-knowledge which allows him to become courageous.

Nor has he, I submit, come to accept his role and responsibility as a member of the group, although under battle-stress, both before and after his running away, he feels a sense of fellowship. What he *has* come to accept is his role, and that of his regiment, as simply a part of the larger battle-experience as a whole, and he loses his fears and confusions thereby. Perhaps special theories derived from tribal myths are what make us so anxious to see such an action as centering around the coming into maturity, and to define maturity as acceptance of one's group role. If Crane had wanted to write such a plot, would he not have had Fleming return to his regiment as a result of his outrage at seeing Jim Conklin die, realize that perhaps his defection was in part the cause of Conklin's death, confess to his comrades that he had been a coward, then go into battle swearing to avenge Conklin's death, make amends for the disastrous consequences of his cowardice, and take his place thereby as a responsible soldier? As I hope I have shown, he wrote no such plot but quite another, and it is this other plot to which we must attend if we are to interpret this novel aright.

IV

There are two main parts to the plot of *Mrs. Dalloway*—the Clarissa part and the Septimus part—and formal critics have rightly seen as one of their principal jobs the necessity for explaining the connection between them. Mrs. Woolf has offered a clue, albeit a rather enigmatic one, in her Introduction to the Modern Library edition (1928): "Of *Mrs. Dalloway* then one can only bring to light at the moment a few scraps [of information as to how she conceived and planned the book], of little importance or none perhaps; as that in the first version Septimus, who later is intended to be her double, had no existence; and that Mrs. Dalloway was originally

to kill herself, or perhaps merely die at the end of the party." But be her double in what sense, exactly? The question remains open.

The common interpretation is that Clarissa is confronted by the dilemma of her own insistent joy of life on the one hand, and her poignant awareness of its fragility on the other, and that the news of Septimus' suicide coming in the midst of her party which culminates the action (she and Septimus have never seen one another) causes her to reconcile the opposing poles of her ambivalence, so that she realizes she must encompass both joy and fear in her heart—indeed, that she must acknowledge death in order fully to possess life. The action, in this view, is seen as a dynamic self-completion, and the Septimus line is seen as having as its literal function an emergence at the proper time to precipitate this change of thought in Clarissa. The suicide is also viewed symbolically as the double of her own states of mind, representing on the one hand a breakdown under the pressures of life, and on the other a gesture of defiance against those who would "force the soul." Septimus dies in order that Clarissa may live, and the scapegoat archetype is called in to assist interpretation: he dies in her place, bearing her burdens with him.[6]

But does the news of Septimus' suicide bring about any change in Clarissa? Or, more to the point, does she undergo any change at all? Since this book is written according to such an intricate system of alternating, overlapping, and interlocking incidents, we shall have to forego our customary outline and proceed through particular quotations instead. Let us begin at the end and see exactly what does happen to Clarissa, as she reflects on the death of Septimus: "Oh! thought Clarissa, in the middle of my party, here's death, she thought." The general effect is, of course, obvious—the irony of the contrast brought about by the intrusion of death into a high moment of life—and as such reminds one of similar incidents in Joyce's "The Dead" and Mansfield's "The Garden Party."

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[6]Cf. Nathalia Wright, "*Mrs. Dalloway:* A Study in Composition," *CE*, V (1944), 351-358; R. A. Brower, *Fields of Light* (New York, 1951), pp. 123-134; Frank Baldanza, "Clarissa Dalloway's 'Party Consciousness'," *MFS*, II (1956), 24-30; Isabel Gamble, "The Secret Sharer in 'Mrs. Dalloway'," *Accent*, XVI (1956), 235-251; and C. G. Hoffman, "The 'Real' Mrs. Dalloway," *UKCR*, XXII (1956), 204-208.

In each of these three cases the protagonist is caught up, by means of a party, in some full-flushed moment of self-involvement which is abruptly dispelled by talk of death; and in each case the ultimate result is that he or she is given thereby a profound insight. The question here is whether this insight is for Clarissa anything new or different.

She then gets off by herself to think this news over. "But why had he done it?" Perhaps he had done it as a gesture of defiance, she thinks, to preserve the privacy of his soul against the intrusions of his doctors. And she thinks of Desdemona's joy at her master's arrival: "If it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy." But "there was in the depths of her heart an awful fear." This is her fear of death; and there is also her sense of guilt and shame, to be living and enjoying herself while others suffer and die. But she loves life, having "lost herself in the process of living." Then she sees the old lady across the way going to bed and she feels the fascination of watching this quiet and self-contained woman, "with people still laughing and shouting in the drawing-room." The opening line of the song from *Cymbeline* comes back to her: "Fear no more the heat of the sun." She feels like Septimus, and is glad he had done it, for he "made her feel the beauty; made her feel the fun." She returns to the party.

This is her state, then, near the end of the book, a state hard to define exactly since it is presented in terms of the emotional ebb and flow of her mood, but clearly one of inner harmony and balance. And it is a state which has been obviously precipitated by the news of Septimus' suicide. So far there can be no quarrel with the standard theory. But the trouble is, at least as I read the book, that Clarissa has already achieved several such moods of inner peace earlier in the day, and if this is so, then the plot can hardly be viewed as one of dynamic self-completion. In the beginning of her morning as she walks toward Bond Street and meditates on death, for example, she sees in an open volume of Shakespeare in Hatchard's bookshop window:

> Fear no more the heat o' the sun
> Nor the furious winter's rages.

And she reflects: "This late age of the world's experience has bred

in them all, all men and women, a well of tears [e.g. regarding the First World War]. Tears and sorrows; courage and endurance; a perfectly upright and stoical bearing." And later, having returned home, she is fixing her hair and thinking of her dress just before Peter Walsh arrives: "Quiet descended on her, calm, content," as she stitches up her dress. "Fear no more, says the heart, committing its burden to some sea, which sighs collectively for all sorrows, and renews, begins, collects, lets fall."

I submit, then, that if Mrs. Woolf had intended this plot to move in the direction of inner harmony for Clarissa, she would have done well not to have had her protagonist achieve that state at least twice before the end, for a dynamic action requires by definition a change from one state to another. In "The Dead," for example, or in "The Garden Party," the protagonist moves from one mood to a different one, so that he or she is in a new state at the end relative to any other point along the curve of the plot as a whole. Gabriel, in Joyce's story, moves from a state of egoistic self-involvement to one of transcendental selflessness; while Laura, in Mansfield's story, changes from a sentimental view of death seen in terms of the preoccupations of the living to one of its profound otherness and peace.

What, therefore, *is* the function of the Septimus line in this plot? If the foregoing be true, then this action is a static one, having as its form the revelation of a character for our sympathy and admiration. In order to reveal the qualities of Clarissa's character, motivation, and personality, Mrs. Woolf has chosen to set the present action on a day when one of Clarissa's most characteristic and representative activities is underway—preparing for and giving a party. For this is the fullest expression of her temperament, and brings out better than any other sort of day the fullest view of the pattern of her nature: her love of life, her immersion in its involvements, her sense of people and her talent for bringing them together, her regard for the privacy of the individual soul, her fear of extinction, and so on. It also allows, of course, Mrs. Woolf to bring into play a greater range of personal contacts, thereby bringing to life the contrast, which most of her characters never tire of brooding over, between things as they were and things as they are. In this way a sense of the felt passage of time is created which is so

central to the action of this plot and which is its technical triumph.

Thus we see Clarissa and get to know and understand her in terms of what she does and how she feels while engaged in her favorite activity, as well as in terms of how she regards others, how they regard her, how others regard themselves, how others regard others, and so on—all set within the complex framework of simultaneous present moments and montaged past memories. Clarissa had a theory in the old days, thinks Peter:

> It was to explain the feeling they had of dissatisfaction; not knowing people; not being known. For how could they know each other? You met every day; then not for six months, or years. It was unsatisfactory, they agreed, how little one knew people. . . . So that to know her, or any one, one must seek out the people who completed them; even the places.

During the course of the day, as we have seen, she thinks, among other things, of death, for it is her attitude toward sorrow in relationship to her feelings of joy which chiefly serves to reveal of what fiber her being is made. In this view, then, her reaction to the news of Septimus' suicide, rather than representing a change, serves simply to confirm by means of an actual and present instance what we already knew about her through her more general reflections earlier in the day. Her decision to return to her party after brooding over the news of Septimus' suicide brings into operation those very motivations which were being established all through the book; the sequence of this plot, then, consists in the unfolding of a state of affairs which will make effective a set of already defined causes. It is the reader's view of Clarissa's character, rather than her character itself, which undergoes a dynamic self-completion. What was latent in the abstract has now been made manifest in the concrete; since she feels this peculiar bond with the dead man, it is almost as if she had died and now need no longer wonder about what it will be like. It is in this sense that Septimus is her double, a surrogate in death for herself—a death about which she has hitherto been able only to guess. But guess she has already done, and that guess was, by and large, correct. We cannot, therefore, assume that all plots are dynamic, nor that they involve, correspondingly, some sort of ritualistic transition. For if we do, then we will violate many of the facts before us.

V

The Nigger of the "Narcissus," even though it is one of Conrad's earlier works, is an extraordinarily complex one and its causal lines are hard to discern. But certain things appear nevertheless clear which the standard interpretation seems curiously to have neglected. This view has the crew, as collective protagonist, go through a change in thought by means of two complementary trials: they must learn to know and accept the impersonal forces and pressures of life, symbolized by the sea, on the one hand, and to recognize and reconcile themselves to death, symbolized by James Wait, on the other. When they have reached this pinnacle of wisdom (the similarity of this interpretation to those of *The Red Badge* and *Mrs. Dalloway* illustrates, I think, the reductive tendency of some of these symbolic interpretations), they will then accept their roles as members of the group. Thus, both the sea and Wait threaten their solidarity, and in meeting the successive tests of the storm and Wait's death they regain it. Wait, in this view, is their secret sharer, the man they fear to become and yet must accept if they are to prove themselves worthy of life; and the storm is the central turning point of the plot.[7]

Let us see what the actual sequence of events is, according to Conrad's division into five chapters:

1. Ship ready to leave Bombay; roll-call; Wait appears tardily.
2. Underway; Wait bullies the crew by using his illness as a lever; they quarrel with their officers; he's put to bed.

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[7]Cf. W. F. Wright, *Romance and Tragedy in Joseph Conrad* (Nebraska, 1949), pp. 7-9, 40-44, 60-62, 171-174; M. D. Zabel, Introduction to Harper's Modern Classics edition of *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* (1951); J. E. Miller, *"The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*: A Re-examination," *PMLA*, (1951), 911-918; Vernon Young, "Trial by Water: Joseph Conrad's *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*," *Accent*, XII (1952), 67-81; P. L. Wiley, *Conrad's Measure of Man* (Wisconsin, 1954), pp. 44-50; H. E. Davis, "Symbolism in *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*," *TCL*, II (1956), 26-29; Marvin Mudrick, "The Artist's Conscience and *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*," *NCF*, XII (1957), 288-297; and A. J. Guerard, *"The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'," KR*, XIX (1957), 205-232.

3. Storm; ship drifting on its side; they rescue Wait; ship recovers.
4. Men reach the point of mutiny.
5. Wait dies; ship reaches London; voyage over.

Now it is true that the crew feels a sense of solidarity after successfully weathering the storm, but what kind of solidarity is it? First, they feel cocky and meritorious, and are therefore susceptible to being provoked into rebellion against their officers. Second, after they discover that Wait is in fact dying, they feel the communion of fellow-liars, for they implicitly agree to go along with Wait's desperate assertion that he's well. This adds more fuel to their resentment against the captain, who is apparently punishing Wait for malingering by having him remain in bed (thus to enact his own deception). Third, after his death, they grow irritable with one another, and fist fights flare up. It is only after Wait's body has been committed to the sea that they feel relieved; the rest of the voyage is uneventful. When they reach land and get paid off, they stand for one final moment together in the sunshine before dispersing forever. And the narrator concludes, not without some typical Conradian mystification: "Haven't we, together upon the immortal sea, wrung out a meaning from our sinful lives? Goodbye, brothers!"

The question is: what is that meaning? If Wait is their secret sharer—the death which they fear but must face—and if the sea is life—the storm which they must endure—then this meaning is that one must accept life and death on their own terms in order to abolish the loneliness of the individual soul and achieve communion with one's fellows, for these forces—the powers which work on all men alike—must be faced together. The trouble with this interpretation, as I read the book, is that at no point do I find the crew either in fear of death or unwilling to face the tasks and dangers of the sea. (If they cry to have the mast cut when the ship drifts on its side, this serves merely to show how wrong they are in not trusting to their officers, against whom they are about to rebel.) How, then, can this be their problem if they do not harbor the feelings and attitudes which such a theory requires of them? And how can its solution be what is claimed by this theory if such is

not their problem? Wait, indeed, fears death with an unseemly terror, and Donkin, indeed, shirks regularly his sea-faring duties, but neither one nor the other represents the crew. Once more, an anxiety to find a tribal archetype has led us to misread a novel.

What, in fact, *is* that problem, the solution of which admittedly has much to do with the storm and Wait's death? and what, exactly, is that solution? and what have the sea and Wait to do with it? The dilemma with which Wait confronts the crew is simply that they do not know for sure whether he is sick or not. It is thus a problem of knowledge or thought, but having to do with a question of fact, at least at its base, rather than of emotion. The consequence of this dilemma is an ambivalence on their part both in feeling and action: on the one hand, they suspect he may be faking and thereby deserves their scorn, while on the other, he acts sick enough, and thereby deserves their pity. As a result, they serve his every whim while hating him in their hearts, which in turn debilitates their wills and makes them irritable with and rebellious toward their officers (who are, it is clear, models of firm but benign authority).

A less subtle mind than Conrad's would have had their dilemma vanish when the truth about Wait is discovered, thus resolving the problem out of hand. But Conrad, being like no one else, actually compounds the dilemma when they find that Wait is really dying. How did he manage this? Already ambivalent enough, the crew's nerves are strained to the breaking point when they must rescue from the effects of the storm a man whom they hate. Their successful weathering of the storm makes them feel as if they have done something great, thereby increasing, through Donkin's bad offices, their already growing resentment of their officers. The precipitation of their revolt occurs when Wait, frightened by the pious cook's sermonizing on the after-life, leaps out of bed and says he has recovered completely. The captain, however, seeing that Wait is obviously at death's door, pities him and orders him back to bed under the pretext, in order not to appear indulgent, of punishing him in kind for malingering. The men take the pretext for truth and mutinously rumble that a man has a right to work if he wants to, siding now completely with Wait.

They are quickly subdued, and realize finally, by means of Singleton's mysterious comments, that Wait is indeed dying. Rather

than simply sympathizing with him now that they need feel ambivalent no longer, they decide, almost perversely, to pretend that he is really well and is therefore being treated unjustly. They are committed, as it were, to their abortive mutiny—"from compassion, from recklessness, from a sense of fun"—and "falsehood triumphed" that they may save face. What they are afraid to recognize is not their fear of death but rather their own stupidity in allowing Jimmy to make fools of them. They have made their bed and now they must lie in it; they have a vested interest in their image of Jim as a well man, and they must now protect it. If Jim had deluded them in ignorance before their mutiny, they are now self-deluded in knowledge. Their moral fibers loosen even more; to be sure, they feel a sense of solidarity, but it is the solidarity of "cheerful accomplices in a clever plot." He must live, not because they fear death but rather because they fear being proved wrong.

Thus his death comes as a surprise, so deep has been their self-deception. It "shook the foundations of our society. A common bond was gone; the strong, effective and respectable bond of a sentimental lie." They feel cheated; Jimmy hadn't backed them up "as a shipmate should." In dying, he has stripped them of the pretense "in which our folly had posed, with humane satisfaction, as a tender arbiter of fate." But now they experience a revulsion against themselves, and this is the central turn of the plot. "And now we saw it was no such thing. It was just common foolishness; a silly and ineffectual meddling with issues of majestic import . . . and, like a community of banded criminals disintegrated by a touch of grace, we were profoundly scandalized with each other." This is the solution to the problem of the plot: having been deceived by Wait and then by themselves, they are now ashamed of their self-deceit, seeing their hypocrisy in its true light. This is the meaning which they, together upon the immortal sea, have wrung from their sinful lives: to have seen themselves as they really are—men afraid, not of death and danger and responsibility, but of admitting they were wrong. But they are only human and, being repentant, are forgiven by the narrator: "Good-bye, brothers! You were a good crowd. As good a crowd as ever fisted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy foresail; or tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell to a westerly gale." They were sound men and

true, wavering only in the face of a moral problem which was too much for their simple natures, a dilemma which assumed in their eyes "the proportions of a colossal enigma."

I am not attacking, in sum, the value of symbolic theories, but rather the tendency to fashion them on the basis of insufficient evidence. There is a difference between satisfactory and unsatisfactory theories, and that difference is a function of how near or how far a given interpretation gets to the knowledge it sets out to discover in relation to the book it is trying to interpret. And it is the responsibility of the critic, as a man searching for knowledge rather than for the confirmation of a favored hypothesis, to have his theory rest as firmly as it can upon all the facts of the case. One of these facts, in fiction especially, is what happens in the literal action; if he avoids attempting to explain the organization of the plot while trying to account for the form as a whole, he will be building on a shaky foundation. The consequence of that avoidance, as I hope I have shown, is often a serious misreading. I also hope I have shown how such misreadings may be remedied. For a critic searching for subtleties neglects at his peril what his author has set down plainly on the page.

■ BOOKS

Critics in Search of an Author

By FREEMAN CHAMPNEY

John Steinbeck remembers some of his boyhood reading not as books but as things he experienced. A lot of people have had the same feeling about Steinbeck's writing over the past twenty-five years. To thousands who may never have driven over Route 66, the Joads play a large part in their remembered feelings about the Depression. When we were readying ourselves to kill Nazis, *The Moon Is Down* was a sort of catalyst dropped into the heaving vat of public opinion. It precipitated out the solid ingredients without much effect on itself or its author. And, especially for young people looking for their own identities and their own answers to the demands of their parents' world, Steinbeck (along with Wolfe and Hemingway) was very real in the '30's and '40's.

A lot of this is now history. It has moved from experience into analysis and scholarship. The same colleges which considered Galsworthy a daring inclusion in the literature curriculum during the 1920's have now staked out claims on Steinbeck and his contemporaries and are sluicing the pay dirt through the boxes like crazy. Last year two English Professors at the University of New Mexico collected twenty-four studies and essays into a handsomely-printed volume called *Steinbeck and His Critics.*[1] This spring, one of the contributors to this volume, Peter Lisca, published "the first major critical study of Steinbeck," *The Wide World of John Steinbeck.*[2]

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[1] *Steinbeck and His Critics: A Record of Twenty-Five Years.* An Anthology with Introduction and Notes by E. W. Tedlock, Jr. and C. V. Wicker. University of New Mexico Press, 1957. $6.00.

[2] *The Wide World of John Steinbeck.* By Peter Lisca. Rutgers University Press, 1958. $5.00.

FREEMAN CHAMPNEY, charter member of the *Antioch Review* Board and longtime manager of The Antioch Press, is now with Academic Press in New York. His "John Steinbeck, Californian," originally published in the *Review*, is included in the Tedlock book discussed here.

The result of all this academic diligence is interesting, complicated, and a long way from books as direct experience. The anthology shows a great search going on for some simple touchstone, some unifying principle or set of coordinates which will explain and summarize Steinbeck. Here are all these books and this excitement, what about them? The answers are almost as many as the searchers: mystic, sentimentalist, sociological muckraker, Nature-worshipper, moralist and/or immoralist, master craftsman, biological determinist, and lost soul looking for a home among the shifting tide pools of American culture. The Lisca book is more unified than this, though its compulsion to pay some attention to everything in print by or about its subject clutters things up sometimes.

One of the interesting elements in both books comes from the fact that John Steinbeck is alive and functioning. Even though his writing, and hence much of himself, has inevitably passed into the public domain, his resistance to this process has been stubborn and still goes on. Lisca has had access to Steinbeck's correspondence with his editors and agents, and these reflections of the author's feelings about his work and its reception give a dimension to this study which has often been lacking in writing about Steinbeck.

In his early years as a published writer, Steinbeck had a horror of personal publicity and saw popular success as a trap: "I simply can't write books if a consciousness of self is thrust upon me." When *The Grapes of Wrath* became a household word he said, "I'm so busy being a writer that I haven't time to write." And always there has been irritability in his attitude towards critics ("lice"). Not long ago he discussed critics in the *Saturday Review*. His general theme was that "a man's writing is himself" (meaning a critic's writing) and its application boils down to the proposition that critics tend to be mean, frustrated sonsofbitches whose personal inadequacies flow directly into their criticism. The whole tone is patronizing when it isn't vindictive. ("Poor things, nobody reviews them.") The same things could be said, of course, about all writers. In fact, it is precisely this business of poking into his life to explain his writing that enrages Steinbeck when others apply it to him. Steinbeck has obviously read his critics. If they had been purely malicious and irrelevant he could have ignored them. These feelings about publicity and criticism look like parts of the same thing. There seems to be a hopeless conflict in wanting to be bought and read and experienced but not talked about or explained.

Perhaps both Steinbeck's range of subject and method, and his touchiness, reflect a considerable insecurity about what his job consists in, who his own people are, and what the relation of a writer to his

audience and culture should be. If so, the problem has not been unique with him. It has been the burden of most Americans who have been different and articulate. In Steinbeck's case, the special nature of his California background—and its reflection in his most important books—raises a real question of what happens when he transplants himself. Lisca finds his moving from his Salinas Valley and Monterey Bay base to New York City a dubious prognosis for his creative life. And Alfred Kazin (reviewing Lisca's book in the *New York Times Book Review* for May 4th) blows up this same idea into the proposition that *all* American writers worth their salt have been writing out a great national myth of a "happy valley." Since Kazin includes both Hemingway and Fitzgerald as happy valleyers, this notion seems at least as mystical as anything Steinbeck ever perpetrated. Steinbeck's transplanting could just as easily be a preservation of anonymity in his personal life and a widening of interests.

A large part of Steinbeck criticism has consisted of this kind of looking for sources and directions in his life to explain what has made him tick and to predict what he will be up to next. This hasn't been easy, because Steinbeck has moved around the literary map without much attention to route signs. While the critics are still sorting out novels full of self-winding symbolism and profundity, their author will weigh in with a mess of "Hoptedoodle." He doesn't seem to believe that literature exists to furnish orderly material for doctoral dissertations.

When a scholarly journal asked him to comment on a couple of analyses of *The Grapes of Wrath*, he replied that he couldn't see that "the new criticism with its special terms" had "very much to do with the writing of novels." The critics "do not have a table of constants. In less criticismal terms, I think it is a bunch of crap. As such I am not against it so long as it is understood that the process is a kind of ill tempered parlor game in which nobody gets kissed." On the other hand, Steinbeck's letters to his publishers and agents show a sophistication about his books which contradicts this pose of being an un-selfconscious literary working stiff. He told Pascal Covici that Juan Chicoy was intended as "all the god the fathers you ever saw driving a six-cylinder, broken down battered world through time and space."

There have always been some Steinbeck readers who react to what he says, others who concentrate on how he says it. Those who have looked to him for prophecy and marching orders have had one list of favorite titles; those who like their literature literary have had another. The first group, of course, has had its own subdivisions and its feuds. The involvement of Steinbeck's novels in major issues of war and depression

made it inevitable that they should be fought over. Their author has been attacked and defended for what other people read into his work, though the preacher and the artist have always been mixed in Steinbeck. Lisca's book shows that this mixture has sometimes come in handy as a way of avoiding involvement. When the moral implications of *Tortilla Flat*, the social accuracy of *In Dubious Battle*, or the effect of *The Moon Is Down* on the war effort were challenged, Steinbeck could retort that he was writing novels, not tracts ("Take your goddam hat off, Mac. This here is Art"). But I don't think anyone can question that Steinbeck has been looking for answers all along. Even his repeated insistence that experience must be seen and absorbed without prejudgment shows, I think, that he knows this isn't easy. And once the perception and absorption are well along, the "what about it?" moves in.

Lisca's approach is largely analytical and literary. He likes the tight narrative skill of *In Dubious Battle* and the multiple symbolisms of *The Wayward Bus*. While he does tip his hat to the humanity and compassion in *The Grapes of Wrath*, his chief interest is in its structural complexity and evocative language. And while *East of Eden* was moving and heartening to such reviewers as Krutch (because of its moral affirmations), to Lisca it is sloppily organized and sloppily written—hence evidence of an artistic deterioration which becomes a debacle in *Sweet Thursday* and sinks beneath serious notice in *The Short Reign of Pippin IV*.

One of the more interesting sections of Lisca's book speculates on the influence of Ed Ricketts on Steinbeck's work. There seems little question that much of the emphasis on man as a part of nature's great ecological pattern came from Ricketts. Or that the "non-teleological thinking" discussed in *Sea of Cortez* and experimented with in several of the novels was largely his formulation. Lisca goes beyond this to suggest that Ricketts was Steinbeck's artistic conscience and intellectual balance wheel. He sees the "Doc" of *Cannery Row* as a Steinbeck "persona" and speculates that *Sweet Thursday* may have been Steinbeck's way of killing off the persona after the death of the real Ricketts. And that converting Doc into a musical comedy figure may have symbolized Steinbeck's abandonment of serious writing.

Ricketts was a man with a great freshness and freedom of mind and personality. He was very much his own kind of individual in a social setting where it wasn't easy. He had a vivid, evocative effect on many different kinds of people. In the Monterey Bay culture of the '30's and early '40's, Ed Ricketts represented a point of view, and an achieved individualism, which were remarkable in their own right and obviously important to Steinbeck. But this way of living and seeing had its own

blind spots and inadequacies. Steinbeck does not seem to have the makings of a disciple and if we are going to speculate, it seems as plausible to say that he outgrew his friend as that he depended on him for brains and balance. As for the notion that Ricketts' death left Steinbeck without his most important persona, Ricketts' friends were saying "John has changed" as early as 1947, when Ricketts was very much alive.

A man does what he can and lives as he must. If he is a writer, he reports on the process from time to time. There is something silly about setting up an obstacle race for him and chivvying him to fulfill someone else's notions of his artistic obligations. Steinbeck seems to have said what he had to say about California and the Salinas Valley. That this leaves him washed up seems no more than a guess. This is a big country in more ways than mileage, and the factors which shape a man's creative life are neither simple nor purely intellectual. Neither textual nor social analysis completely explains a writer.

American writing seems to be splitting into several elements without much overlap. There is the popular, market-oriented kind of thing. It rides the wave of the present (so far as it can find or create it) and it may be good, bad, or indifferent in terms of longer-range values. A good deal of talent goes into another kind of writing which is variously shook-up, beat, nihilistic, and pathological. For all of its violence, it is parochial and immature and has little claim on serious attention. Another segment of our writing is based in the colleges. It is analytical and tends to be both piecemeal and overly abstract. Steinbeck doesn't fit comfortably into any of these categories. He has written best-sellers, but there is no evidence that they were contrived for this end. His naturalism once shocked nice people. Today it seems innocent and devout in comparison with some of the things in print. And he certainly has little in common with the academic approach. But it is these not-easily-classifiable writers who have written, and will write, books which can be widely experienced as part of life and who make all of this consumption of paper important. There may have to be other "major critical studies" of Steinbeck.

Complementarity

Atomic Physics and Human Knowledge. By Niels Bohr. John Wiley, 1958. $3.95.

Why has not Bohr's work in atomic physics, work that culminated with his formulation in 1927 of the principle of complementarity, created anything approaching the popular sensation produced by Einstein's theory of relativity? Relativity has never lacked for interpreters, from Einstein himself through Bertrand Russell and a score of others to Lincoln Barnett, while quantum theory has yet to be popularized successfully. The revolutionary character of quantum theory presents the central difficulty to making the basic ideas clear to a wide audience. Relativity rounds out mechanistic physics, brings the work begun by Galileo and Newton to a higher level of generality. Quantum theory shows us that the mechanistic dream of a complete description of nature *is* but a dream, a dream even in the inanimate world of atoms and molecules.

In *Atomic Physics and Human Knowledge* Bohr once again (his first popular book, *Atomic Theory and the Description of Nature* was published in 1934) undertakes to tell the non-physicist what is significant in quantum theory for our general understanding of the problem of knowing, this time by emphasizing the central idea of quantum theory, the concept of complementarity. The book, despite its many merits, is a disappointment to this reader.

The principle of complementarity states that evidence obtained under a variety of experimental conditions cannot be understood in terms of precise concepts, but must be understood in terms of pairs of concepts: position-velocity, energy-time, waves-particles. The more precisely one member of the pair is determined, the less precisely the other. The evidence for the truth of this principle in physics is of two, related, sorts. In the first place, no one has succeeded in fact or even in principle in designing an experiment in which both members of a pair could be measured with an accuracy that increases without limit. Since many physicists, from Einstein to almost every student of physics worthy of the name, has had a try at devising such experiments this negative evidence is impressive. In the second place, quantum mechanics, which accounts so successfully for a great variety of observations and has so many correct predictions to its credit, includes in its basic structure (in the commutation rules) the principle of complementarity.

Seven articles written between 1932 and 1957 make up this 100 page

book. Four of these articles have appeared in print but are not readily available to the general reader. Six of the seven articles are based on addresses given to groups of scholars in fields other than physics. Each of these six articles begins with a summary of the history of complementarity in atomic physics and ends by suggesting possible applications of the idea of complementarity to biology, anthropology, psychology, emphasizing the field of prime interest to the audience. Thus we find Bohr suggesting numerous pairs of complementary concepts that are analogous to the complementary concepts of wave and particle in physics: mechanism and vitalism, actors and spectators, seriousness and humor, being and becoming, free will and determinism. To each of his audiences Bohr is saying, in effect, "Physics has found a way to unify the results of experience by paying strict attention to the conditions under which this experience is obtained and by abandoning the notion that a single concept is good for all experimental conditions. Perhaps some of the deep problems in your field will succumb if treated similarly. Here are a few suggestions."

The seventh article, the outstanding article in the Library of Living Philosophers volume on Einstein, is altogether different. It is Bohr's summary of his discussions from 1920 to 1937 with Einstein on the issue of the consistency and completeness of quantum mechanics. The arguments are deep and difficult, which is not surprising in a discussion that continued for 17 years between two such intellectual giants as Einstein and Bohr. Bohr succeeded in convincing himself *and* Einstein of the *consistency* of quantum mechanics, but the issue of completeness was never resolved to Einstein's satisfaction. There have been several recent attempts, notably by David Bohm, to formulate a more complete theory of microscopic phenomena in terms of hidden variables. So far these attempts have not led to any clear predictions of new experimental results. The general reader will be more interested in the flavor of the arguments than in the details. The wonderfully resourceful use of thought experiments (a technique that does not seem to have been applied in other fields nearly so well as in physics) with Einstein devising an experiment that appears to give precise information about both members of a pair of complimentary variables, but that, on careful examination by Bohr, turns out to be one more victory for complementarity, produces an intellectual suspense story of some dramatic intensity.

How successfully has Bohr presented the relevance of complementarity to the development of fruitful concepts in fields other than physics? Because Bohr has been careful not to use facile but misleading modes of expression, he has avoided promulgating erroneous ideas about quantum

mechanics. This is no small achievement, for the task of translating the mathematical abstractions of quantum theory into ordinary language is formidable. He has been less successful in making clear the development of the concept of complementarity. Unlike the principle of relativity, whose utility and even necessity can be seen from the examination of a few crucial experiments, the principle of complementarity requires a wealth of detailed evidence to make its meaning clear. The evidence is barely mentioned in this book, with Bohr's own important contributions treated most sketchily of all.

Equally incomplete are the discussions of the relevance of complementarity to other fields. Here the material is somewhat less repetitious, for each article has been written for a different audience. By discussing the relevance of complementarity in a very general way, without reference to specific detailed problems and with no hint as to how it might be applied quantitatively, Bohr produces only the hope rather than the conviction that complementarity is a useful concept for unraveling problems in biology, anthropology, and psychology.

Perhaps my disappointment comes from having expected a different book. Having heard that Bohr was devoting some of his time during recent visits to The Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton to reformulating his ideas of atomic physics and epistomology, I was looking for something approaching a complete and unified statement. Let us hope that Professor Bohr will yet make such a statement.

Antioch College —ALBERT B. STEWART

Russian Education

This Is the Challenge. By William Benton. Associated College Presses, 1958. $3.95.

It did not take long for the critics of American education to come to the surface following the launching of Sputnik One in October 1957. Since that date, there has been a constant flow of speeches, articles, and books about U.S. education, about our achievements in science, and about some of our political institutions in contrast to those of the U.S.S.R. Indeed, Sputnik One has provided a wonderful platform for a great many uninformed people to make uninformed statements about what is wrong with us.

Prior to October 1957, a number of Americans—some scholars, some journalists—had been studying Soviet education, developments in science, and Russia's effective political and economic penetration into many of the under-developed parts of the world. These observers were also writing and speaking about the Russian achievements, but no one seemed to be listening to them. One of these persons was former Senator William Benton, who made a rather extensive trip through the U.S.S.R. in the fall of 1955. Following his return, Mr. Benton wrote and spoke rather extensively and now these statements have been collected and edited by Edward W. Barrett and published as a book that concerns itself with the nature of the Soviet threat and what we should do about it.

John Gunther, in the foreword to the book, states that Benton did a terrific job in Russia, and this becomes quite obvious as one reads the book, particularly in view of the fact that Mr. Benton was one of the first Americans to visit the Soviet Union following the destalinization period. The reader is aware too that Benton is not only a first-class reporter but that he writes against the background of experience as a former Assistant Secretary of State and U.S. Senator and a university vice president interested in American education.

In his book, Mr. Benton devotes most of his attention to Soviet education, although his observations on the press, on the arts and entertainment, and on the Russian propaganda machine are made through the eyes of a man who knows his way around in these fields. His reports on what he saw in the U.S.S.R. are then followed by a number of recommendations to meet the challenge. He emphasizes the need for better American propaganda and he pays special attention to the need for and the value of exchanging people. He places great emphasis on the need for a national policy of education, a federal scholarship program, ways of meeting our teacher shortage, and a reorganization of our curriculum to meet the needs of our best brains.

The final section of *This Is the Challenge* is an appendix consisting largely of Mr. Benton's notes on his interviews with Russian educators, editors, and publishers. In some respects, this section is the best, for these notes are essentially parts of a diary and have a directness and a freshness that are not found in his speeches and testimony, some of which are now almost three years old.

This is an important book. The author is at his best when he is simply reporting facts and his observations. Benton's observations on the Russian educational system, about which we have heard so much, are especially good. Among other things, he is one of the few American writers and spokesmen who have recognized and place great emphasis

on the Russian technicum as an important part of the Russian system of higher education. We have heard much in America about the Russian elementary school program, and most educators and writers have also acknowledged the Russian system of universities and specialized technical institutes, which enroll some two million students. Practically no one, however, has recognized the technicum, a kind of vocational junior college that also enrolls another two million and, as Benton points out, has contributed so much to Russia's success in science and technology.

This book is also important because Benton analyzes so well the Russian propaganda apparatus. Here his past experience as a publicist and as an Under-Secretary of State enables the author to bring into focus sharply the great Russian skill in this area in contrast with some of our fumbling efforts and almost innocent lack of understanding of what effective propaganda can achieve.

Benton also by quoting from Soviet textbooks, the press, and radio exposes the technique of the big lie and reveals how the Marxist-Lenin doctrine permeates Soviet culture. For example, a history textbook used exclusively throughout the U.S.S.R. for fourth graders (eleven- to twelve-year olds) ignores the contribution of the Western powers to the campaign against Germany and the central European powers in World War II, as it ignores the British and American campaigns against Japan in the Pacific. This quotation from the history text tells a great deal:

> The Soviet Army carried on military operations beyond the borders of our country and quickly and in short order finally defeated Germany's allies—Rumania, Bulgaria, Finland, and Hungary. Our troops entered their territories. All these states surrendered. Their peoples drove out their rulers and together with the Soviet Army, they themselves started a war against fascist Germany. Dealing the Germans blow after blow, our army liberated Poland, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia. The peoples who had been enslaved by the fascists gratefully greeted their liberator. They saw and realized that the Soviet Union was their best friend. The friendship of all freedom-loving peoples grew stronger and stronger day by day. The Soviet Union bore upon its shoulders the main weight of the war. Britain and the U. S. of America, during three years of the war, in every way delayed the opening of a second front in Europe against the German troops. But when, after the enormous victories of the Soviet army, it became clear that the Soviet Union could all alone crush the enemy completely, occupy the territory of Germany, and liberate the whole of western Europe, including France, then Britain and the U.S.A. opened a second front in Europe. In June 1944 British and American troops crossed the sea from Britain and landed on the coast of northern France.

While an important book, it is not a good one. It really isn't a well organized, articulated argument, but a collection of articles, speeches, and Congressional testimony. As a result, it tends to be repetitive, dated, and overly argumentative in places. Further, although the author is interested in and knowledgeable about the American educational system, he is not always accurate in his appraisal of U.S. secondary education. Nevertheless, it is a book that deserves wide circulation and could well afford to be read by every intelligent American.

—Edward E. Booher

Short Trip to China

The Long March. By Simone de Beauvoir. World Publishing Company. 1958. Pp. 501. $7.50.

In the fall of 1955 Simone de Beauvoir spent six weeks in Red China on the invitation of the Chinese government. Accompanied by a government interpreter, she was taken on official tours of Peking and its environs where she saw factories, hospitals, laboratories, universities, and craft co-operatives of the new China. Later, her itinerary included brief stops at Mukden, Nanking, Shanghai, Hangchow, and Canton, part of the time in the company of a Chinese woman novelist who spoke French fluently. On the basis of her observations during these six weeks she has written *The Long March*, an account of modern China in what she describes as a transitional period from a democratic to a socialist revolution. Her thesis is that "this transformation is taking place in a unique fashion, adapted to the unique situation of the country," that the Chinese have produced a form of Communism "which has proved admirably suited to the specific concrete needs of the country and which was the only possible way out for China."

The Long March is a partisan work and must be read in the light of Mlle. de Beauvoir's avowed political sympathies. One may share her belief that the traditional Chinese culture and way of life were doomed, yet not accept the statement that Communism "was the only possible way out for China." Similarly one may grant that Red China has achieved a measure of material progress without subscribing to the author's belief that Chinese Red leaders "are strictly controlled by the led" and that present-day China exhibits a true dictatorship of the people.

Nevertheless the book contains much that is interesting and informative, colored though it is by the author's limitless enthusiasm for the Communist regime and her almost slavish acceptance of the manifestoes and political pronouncements of Mao Tse-tung and his fellow Reds.

What Mlle. de Beauvoir can unquestionably show is that the Chinese standard of living has improved in certain areas, that a corrupt officialdom has been largely eliminated, and that evils such as infanticide, illiteracy, and the opium traffic are disappearing. She may overstate the case, but other visitors to China have said the same. She also gives a good picture of many aspects of Chinese life in their transitional state, for example, the mechanization that is just beginning, the difficulties involved in a program of collectivization of land, or the emancipation of women and a new equality in the marriage relationship. When, however, she assures the reader that all is well with the Chinese intellectuals, that a place has been found for them, that "every curb on freedom of thought has been lifted," he is not convinced. Events themselves are against her. Her book was completed too soon for her to take cognizance of the rightist purge of 1957, but the quick suppression of those who spoke out at the government's invitation clearly indicates the true situation. Ironically enough, Ting-ling, the Chinese woman novelist whom the author praises in particular, was among those who fell into disfavor.

The longest and most interesting chapter in the book is that on culture. Here the author describes the partial suppression of Taoism, the new "reformed" Buddhism, and the somewhat ambiguous current attitude toward the past history of China, including the teachings of Confucius. Considerable space is also given to a discussion of the arts in modern China. Because she is herself a novelist, she is particularly concerned with the Chinese novel past and present, and it is noticeable that here she has difficulty in reconciling her aesthetic principles with her political sympathies. The new social and political interpretations of the classics are to her untenable although she excuses them in the light of their intent, but with the contemporary novel she is not happy. The Chinese novelist, she finds, must conform to the "line," he must construct heroic, "positive" heroes, with the result that the novels become "edifying tracts which fail to convince either artistically or indeed ideologically." Also, speaking as a creative writer herself, she doubts the efficacy of sending writers to live among the masses in order to learn to depict their lives. If literature is to be a truly popular literature, she maintains, the writers themselves must come from the masses.

Mlle. de Beauvoir writes with liveliness and vigor, but it may be fairly said that her book is over-long and would benefit from pruning.

In general, it is her eagerness to convince that leads her into prolixity. She is at her best in the recording of personal observations of the Chinese scene, for example, in a series of brief sketches of various Chinese cities acutely perceived and sensitively rendered. She is also a shrewd, hard-hitting antagonist, as her tiltings with certain French critics of the Communist regime attest. The final impression, however, is one of the doctrinaire nature of the author's thinking: "Only Communism is capable of proposing and implementing planning; it therefore appears to be the one possible hope for the peoples of Asia."

—Arno L. Bader

University of Michigan

Books of the Quarter

■ "A book," as Jessamyn West remarked recently on a visit to the Antioch campus, "cannot exist until it is read." As the Book Review Editor of the *Antioch Review*, I hold in my hands every week far more books unread than read, as well as a considerable number more that if read can be adequately reviewed. My feeling is that the "existence" of a book begins with its discovery, and whatever the qualifications of the discoverer, a book never mentioned, recommended or not, has not been given its fair contest with readers.

All the books here mentioned have been *read*, and, in the main, enjoyed. Perhaps this is the only test for new novels. Two I found most striking—*The End of the Road* by John Barth (Doubleday), tough and brilliant in style and a rarity in being a true novel of "ideas"; and *The Hard Blue Sky* by Shirley Ann Grau (Knopf), slow-paced, perhaps over-long, but with its muted writing effectively evocative of its Isle aux Chiens locale. Good story-telling alone carries interest in *The Falcon's Shadow*, a novel of the modern theater by William Du Bois (Putnam); and *A Terrible Beauty* by Arthur J. Roth (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy), a new Irish-American writer of considerable promise. *Parktilden Village* by George P. Elliott (Beacon); *The Violated* by Vance Bourjaily (Dial) as well as *Portrait of a Man Unknown* by Nathalie Sarraute (Braziller) the student of serious fiction will have to respect, judge these "absorbing"—if somewhat "pretentious." Certainly every range of opinion is possible for the by now notorious *Lolita* by Vladimir Nabokov (Putnam). Until the last fifty pages I found it wonderfully funny, never "dull and silly" as one friend has decided.

Of the better collections of short stories, the authors with the most to

offer are Bernard Malamud, *The Magic Barrel* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy); *The Habit of Loving* by Doris Lessing (Crowell)—who can pass the test of never dulling the appetite; *Varieties of Love* by Herbert Kubly (Simon and Schuster); and *A Novel, A Novella and Four Stories* (McDowell, Obolensky) which is by itself an anthology by Andrew Lytle, the author of one of the most beautiful of recent novels, *The Velvet Horn*.

The best critical writing of the past months has been found in two much-needed, solidly written books: *Charles Dickens: The World of His Novels* by J. Hillis Miller (Harvard) and *The Dimensions of Robert Frost* by Reginald L. Cook (Rinehart). Some excellent pieces translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française* are in *From the N.R.F.* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy), the galaxy of authors including Gide, Malraux, Claudel, and Bergson. *The Banquet Years: The Arts in France, 1885-1919* (Harcourt, Brace) provides an introduction to the avant-garde in the four arts represented by Rousseau, Erik Satie, Alfred Jarry and Apollinaire. Of contemporary interest is the dialog between the middle-aged professor and the "solid citizen of the new generation" recorded in the stilted and, I think, ironic, manner of the pages of *The Democratic Vista* by Richard Chase (Doubleday). The "retreat" of intellectuals to the universities is the subject, the thesis "the proposition that in our own time there is a general drive, in all segments of our culture, toward some middle ground of taste and opinion, a general desire for passivity and rest and conformity. . . ."

The Greek Experience by C. M. Bowra (World) is the first of a series of Histories of Civilization under the editorship of Ronald Syme; as *Sources of the Japanese Tradition*, compiled by Ryusaku Tsunoda, William Theodore de Bary and Donald Keene (Columbia University Press) is another in the series, *Introduction to Oriental Civilization*. Both are beautifully produced volumes, and Bowra is a delight to read. Note, too, must be taken of *Algeria: The Realities* by Germaine Tillion (Knopf), the French ethnologist.

Our Friend James Joyce by Mary and Padraic Colum (Doubleday) may be a disappointment to all but Joyce specialists. It is neither as fresh nor as "intimate" as Stanislaus Joyce's recent *My Brother's Keeper* (Viking), though the information about Joyce's daughter, Lucia, I have not found elsewhere. Agnes Boulton in *Part of a Long Story: Eugene O'Neill as a Young Man in Love* (Doubleday) writes a personal memoir that reads like fiction; the book hangs together pretty much as a "story" and will be of most interest to those familiar with O'Neill's family as seen in his later plays: the portraits are decidedly different.

Finally, it is a pleasure to list three books by authors of recent *Antioch Review* fiction. Six of Seymour Epstein's stories appear in *Short Story, 1* (Scribners). *The Seventh Saracen* by Ben Morreale (Coward-McCann) is a first novel, as is *Side Door to Heaven* by Alan Gillies (Holt).

—Nolan Miller

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